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The Article on THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME RACHEL stands over until the next number.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

ALTHOUGH most men have a skeleton in their closet, there is no need that they should throw the door wide open and exhibit it to the world. The following "personal" explanation, which filled the front page of the last number of *Household Words*, and appeared by anticipation in the columns of the daily papers, has taken most people who have seen it entirely by surprise, and has set Mrs. GRUNDY chattering, and inquiring, and surmising about matters with which she can have no possible concern. The explanation to which we refer is as follows:

Three-and-twenty years have passed since I entered on my present relations with the public. They began when I was so young, that I find them to have existed for nearly a quarter of a century. Through all that time I have tried to be as faithful to the public as they have been to me. It was my duty never to trifle with them, or deceive them, or presume upon their favour, or do anything with it but work hard to justify it. I have always endeavoured to discharge that duty. My conspicuous position has often made me the subject of fabulous stories and unaccountable statements. Occasionally, such things have chafed me, or even wounded me; but, I have always accepted them as the shadows inseparable from the light of my notoriety and success. I have never obtruded any such personal uneasiness of mine upon the generous aggregate of my audience.

For the first time in my life, and I believe for the last, I now deviate from the principle I have so long observed, by presenting myself in my own journal in my own private character, and entreating all my brethren (as they deem that they have reason to think well of me, and to know that I am a man who has ever been unaffectedly true to our common calling) to lend their aid to the dissemination of my present words.

Some domestic trouble of mine, of long standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement, which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been, throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations, most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence—and so widely spread, that I doubt if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines, by whom some touch of the breath of these slanders will not have passed, like an unwholesome air.

Those who know me and my nature, need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcilable with me as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I cannot bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the unusual means to which I now resort of circulating the truth.

I most solemnly declare, then—and this I do, both in my own name and in my wife's—that all the lately whispered rumours touching the trouble at which I have glanced, are abominably false. And that whoever repents one of them after this denial, will lie as wilfully and as falsely as it is possible for any false witness to lie, before Heaven and earth.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Now really we should be very much obliged to anybody who will inform us—what is all this about? What are the "misrepresentations?" What the "slanders?" What the precise nature of the "unwholesome air?" It appears from this document—and it is the only definite thing that does appear in it—that Mr. DICKENS has been in some domestic trouble, and that he has made an

arrangement; and it is to be inferred from the language that both troubles and arrangement affect Mr. DICKENS and his wife mutually, and that there is no anger arising from these things, and that the children know all about it. Applying common sense and experience to these revelations, we are led to imagine—for nothing is stated definitely—that Mr. DICKENS has separated himself from his wife. If so, Mr. DICKENS must know—his knowledge of human nature is too great not to know—that people will talk about such matters, and that silly persons and malicious persons will invent all kinds of foolish and scandalous reasons for such a step. We never heard of a separation yet which was not attended by a swarm of such winged words; and it has hitherto been recognised that the best and by far the wisest mode of suppressing them is to take no notice of them, and let them die of their own weakness. If a scandal be false, it must necessarily be a nine-days' wonder; and when it has delighted the tea-tables for a week, it becomes as unfit to be served up again as the bohea itself after the first drawing. Had this plan been followed in this case, the slanders (such as they were) must have speedily disappeared; for those who are acquainted with the facts must know them to be false, and those who know nothing of them will care little to remember them. But now Mr. DICKENS has inscribed them, as upon "perennial brass," upon the tablets of the press, upon the pages of *Household Words*; and, what is worse, he has done it so vaguely, and with such suggestiveness of indefinite vastness, that the imaginations of men will create phantoms ten times more horrible than any that have as yet been conjured up, and he will be compelled, for his own sake, to be more explicit. But how can Mr. DICKENS undertake to say that "all the lately whispered rumours" are "abominably false?" Does it not strike him as just possible that the true state of the case may have been "whispered" in some obscure corner? and would it not be wise in him to lay to heart the worldly wisdom of the proverb, "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*?"

Death has been again busy at the British Museum. The Keeper of the Botanical Department, ROBERT BROWN D.C.L., has just died, full of years and honours. Among the scientific men of whom Great Britain has to boast, Dr. Brown occupied a very high eminence. "Botanicorum facile Princeps," was the epithet applied to him by DECANOLLE, who knew him well, both personally and in the region of science; and it was usual consequently, in this country, among naturalists, to speak of him as "our Princeps." Such a man deserves a more lengthened notice than we are at present able to supply; but meanwhile the following few facts in his biography will be interesting. ROBERT BROWN was the son of a Scotch non-juring bishop, and was born at Montrose in the year 1773. In the year 1787, after receiving his early education in the place of his birth, he was entered a student at Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1790 he removed to the University of Edinburgh, where he studied medicine; and in 1795 was appointed assistant-surgeon to a Scotch Fencible Regiment, removing with it to Ireland, where he remained up to the year 1800. In July 1801, when the scientific expedition under Captain FLINDERS was fitted out for surveying Australia, Mr. BROWN sailed with that officer in the *Investigator*, in the capacity of naturalist. It is remarkable that Sir JOHN FRANKLIN sailed as midshipman in the same expedition; and Mr. BROWN, we are told, once saved his life by carrying him on his back to the shore, when thoroughly prostrated by one of their fatiguing excursions into the interior. Mr. BROWN was, we believe, the first to explore the botanical riches of the great Australian continent. In October 1805 he returned to England, laden with the fruits of his researches. The plants he brought back with him numbered, it is said, almost 4000 species. On his return he was

made librarian and assistant secretary to the Linnæan Society. In 1809 he wrote an important paper for the Transactions of the Wernerian Society "on the Asclepiadæ;" and in 1810 one for the Transactions of the Linnæan Society, "on the natural order of plants called Proteaceæ." In the same year was published Vol. I. of his "Prodromus Floræ Novæ Hollandiæ et Insulæ Van Diemen;" which was followed in 1814 by "General Remarks, Geographical and Systematical, on the Botany of Terra Australis." This was contributed as an appendix to the second volume of the account of Captain FLINDERS' voyage. From time to time Mr. BROWN continued to furnish articles on botanical subjects to the Transactions of Societies and other publications; but he has not left behind him so many documents of this kind as many other naturalists, whom, however, he far transcended in genius. In 1811 he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1826 was placed on the Council of that body. Long before this Mr. BROWN had attracted the notice of Sir JOSEPH BANKS, who made him his librarian, and upon his death bequeathed to him a life-interest in his library and collections. These were afterwards to be deposited in the British Museum; but by an arrangement between Mr. BROWN and the trustees they were transferred to that establishment for public use, and Mr. BROWN became keeper of the botanical department in 1827. In 1832 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. In 1833 he was elected one of the eight foreign associates of the French Academy of Sciences. In 1839 he received the Copley Medal of the Royal Society, and in 1849 he was elected President of the Linnæan. He was also member of about thirty other learned and scientific societies, at home and abroad; besides which, he enjoyed the friendship of most of the distinguished scientific men of his time, among whom must be particularly mentioned the illustrious HUMBOLDT.

Dr. BROWN died on the 10th inst., after an illness of about five weeks' duration. With respect to his reputation as a botanist, all we can say is that the verdict pronounced upon him by M. DECANOLLE appears to be generally accepted by those best qualified to judge; and we are happy to add, from the testimony of those who knew him, that he possessed a very kind heart under a somewhat rugged exterior.

Whilst the press-men are wavering upon the threshold of the Temple of Concord, the members of the dramatic profession are successfully proving the truth of the old adage, that "in union is strength." Within the last week an interesting ceremony, which has taken place in the Woking Cemetery (if, indeed, anything interesting can occur in such a locality), serves to show how much can be done by a little co-operation wisely directed. The Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund has purchased a piece of land in the cemetery of the Necropolis Company, to serve as a burial-ground for the members of the association. Henceforth the actor need never to go a-begging for a grave. Be he ever so obscure or destitute, here, by the charity and forethought of his brethren, he may rest. Nor is this a small matter; for, though to persons of vulgar and material minds the resting-place of the body may be a thing of small consideration, to the imaginative and the sensitive it is ever the subject of the most anxious interest. SHAKSPEARE'S own epitaph (quoted by Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER upon the occasion referred to) proves how deeply the immortal bard respected the quietude of his bones. Another consideration, too, adds interest to this setting aside of a place of rest for the weary sons and daughters of Melpomene. Hitherto they have depended upon chance for the place of their burial, and each has been placed beneath the spot where he chanced to fall in the mêlée of the battle of life. Who has not gazed with affectionate interest on the tablet which modestly whispers a reminder of EDMUND KEAN upon the walls of Richmond Church; or who has not given a thought to the memory of KITTY CLIVE on passing through Twickenham? For the future these memorials will be brought together, and that single spot of ground at Woking will, centuries hence, be sown as it were with the immortelles of the English Drama.

That the merited castigation administered to Lady BULWER should have excited that lady to

something strong in the way of retort was only to be expected. We almost wish, for the sake of proving the charge of what may be mildly termed want of taste, we could print the note with which she has favoured us; but, inasmuch as a large portion of it consists of nothing but epithets of a very gross, and indeed libellous nature, applied to her husband and the (supposed) writer of the article in the CRITIC, we cannot do more than insert the passages of it which attack ourselves. We should premise, however, that these, strong as they may be, will give but a very poor idea of the remainder of the composition:

Lady Bulwer Lytton presents her compliments to the Farthing-a-liner of the CRITIC, and begs to assure him, that for the paid-for abuse of the puffers of a Lady Blessington, and of the Dickens and Seven-dials school of literature, she is always truly grateful; and all the misprints, both in French and English, they are quite welcome to appropriate into genuine items for their "little account," by attributing them all to her ignorance; but she must protest against their levithian lie! of saying that she ever complained of the great boon of being deserted by such a—

Here her Ladyship becomes absolutely unprintable. She concludes, however, with a surmise that the article of which she complains was written by a "noseless Commissioner of Lunacy," whom she also designates as a "hideous brute;" and we accept his selection of the proper officer to take cognisance of her writings as the only proof of discernment which she has hitherto given to the world.

Whether the meeting to which we adverted last week, as about to take place for the purpose of establishing a Newspaper Press Fund, is to be productive of any good results, is a question which time alone can solve. So far as anything immediate was concerned, the gathering must be presumed to be rather barren than otherwise. Without intending the slightest disparagement to the gentlemen who took prominent parts in the proceedings, we think it a matter for regret that a larger attendance of influential press-men was not secured, and that the meeting was not presided over by some one whose position would be so high and whose name so potent that all grades and all *cliques* might consent to unite under his leadership. We have no doubt that everything was done that was practicable under the circumstances; but it may be that a little more time spent in organising that first step, which it is so vitally important to take with dignity, would not have been thrown away. As to the question mooted at this meeting, respecting applications to the general public, we entirely agree with those who pronounced in favour of such a course. As Mr. S. C. HALL very properly pointed out, there can be nothing derogatory to the Press in making an application which is daily made by the many hundreds of societies which have been organised by all the other professions for the relief of their sick and indigent members. Where the Clergy leads the way it can be no shame upon the Press to follow; and we utterly dissent from that disposition to place the members of the Press as a body apart, foreign in sympathies and in interests to the general public. In addition to these considerations, it should be remembered that the general body of the Press is really not in a position to do what is necessary. Assuming that every man gave what he could spare, we fear that the fund collected would go but a very little way towards affording substantial relief to the sick, the aged, and the indigent. We know that there is a feeling on the part of the proprietors of large newspapers to suppress anything like a direct communication between the members of the press and the public, and that for a reason very much analogous to that which leads despotic rulers to select their soldiers from the dregs of their subjects and make them a class apart, dependent solely upon the hand that feeds them. Whether it is for the interests of the great body of press-men that such a state of things should continue, is another question. Some years ago, when a movement somewhat similar to this was set on foot, the chief proprietor of an influential journal offered his support, *provided there was no direct appeal to the public.* And yet what journal pensioner the reporter who has grown old, like a galley-slave at his oar—his health, sometimes his mind, worn out in one of the hardest, most thankless, most unhealthy, and not best paid occupations to which an educated man can devote himself?

Mr. HAYWARD is not satisfied with the contradiction to his "good story" given by Mr. BENTLEY, the victim of it—for every good story has its victim. Mr. BENTLEY declares point-blank that he never had any conversation with either of the SMITHS about the title of his *Miscellany*; but Mr. HAYWARD, unwilling to give up a good thing, replies with an air of doubt that he had the statement from the lips of JAMES SMITH himself: to which Mr. BENTLEY, now put upon his mettle, replies with some sharpness:

Any other man than Mr. Hayward, when informed that I never had any conversation with the late Mr. James Smith, or his brother, on the subject of the title of my *Miscellany*, would have expressed regret at having published an anecdote wholly devoid of foundation in fact. Instead of this he has raised an issue on its truth, and adduced, on his own authority, the name of a deceased gentleman to contradict me. This is easily done, but is not satisfactory. Our respective reputation for veracity is before the public. I will not appeal to the dead, but to the living; and refer him, for his satisfaction, to the members of his own profession, the benchers of the Temple, whose estimate of him is well known. Mr. Hayward is pleased to call this groundless anecdote, which is calculated to throw ridicule upon me, "a harmless pleasantry." If I were to publish Theodore Hook's story of his affecting appeal to him to "spare dear Caroline for his sake," he might understand how an absurd story ceases to be harmless when it becomes personal.

What a pity it seems that good stories should be such edged tools, and that wits must have their jokes, like their dinners, at the expense of their friends.

We can have no hesitation in inserting Dr. ARMSTRONG'S note, or in expressing our regret at the mistake of which he complains:

SIR,—Observing in the CRITIC of the 5th inst. some notice of a little work which I lately published on "Naval Hygiene and Scurvy," and among other observations the following:—"He found that raw meat was more nourishing, allayed hunger better, and was more wholesome, than cooked meat."—I now beg to state that there is no opinion advanced in my book to justify your reviewer in arriving at such a conclusion, which is quite at variance with the opinion I entertain on the relative merits of raw and cooked meat. Begging you will do me the favour to give this note insertion in your next publication, I remain yours, &c., ALEX. ARMSTRONG, M.D., R.N. Junior United Service Club, June 9.

Common report, even among those who profess to be informed "upon the best authority," is not always a safe guide in determining the authorship of a book. Thus, "The Roving Englishman" has been for some time past attributed to a gentleman connected with the Foreign-office, named Murray; but how far that is so may be gathered from the following note, which is "going the round" of the press:—

SIR,—I have just read in the *Court Journal* of June 5 a statement that the above-named works are both from the pen of my brother, the British Minister in Persia.

As such a statement, if uncontradicted, would, in my opinion, be prejudicial to his reputation, I wish, through your columns, to state that he is in no way connected with the authorship of the latter work.

By the insertion of this letter you will oblige,

Your obedient servant,
D 4, Albany, June 8. HENRY A. MURRAY.

Since the adoption of the new plan for reviewing dramatic and musical events in the columns of the *Times*, a great deal of discussion has been raised among journalists and the members of the professions which are affected by it, as to the good or bad policy of the system. It was at first anticipated that something in the nature of the *feuilletons de Lundi*, for which the newspaper-readers of Paris look so eagerly over Monday's *tasse*, would be attempted; and certainly, if the result of the change had been anything approaching those charming critical effusions which have made the reputation of JANIN, FIORENTINO, and GAUTIER, it would have been some compensation to the public for putting off the making up of its mind for an entire week. So far, however, as the experiment has hitherto proceeded, it has gone far to show that the *feuilleton* is a French institution, and can no more be imitated by an English journalist than our Parisian *confrères* can imitate the grave, solid style of our best leading-article writers. The Monday articles in the *Times* have hitherto been nothing but the old "notices" strung together in a batch, and the "rude, undigested

heap," instead of deriving any lightness from being thrown together, is infinitely more wearisome to the reader than if it had been divided into instalments through the week. At first it was supposed that the managers would consult the arrangement of the *Times* by producing all novelties on Saturday—and some have done so; but where this is not the case it appears that the public actually consents to make up its mind without waiting for the dictum of the Thunderer. Strange as it may appear, it is not the less true that a piece may now be produced and become either a decided success or a decided failure before the voice of the *Times* has been heard.—Fops' Alley is even now applauding *Luisa Miller*, and the verdict of the *Times* has not yet been given.

The death of Mr. Moxon causes a vacancy in the publishing world which will not easily be supplied; for, as he was essentially the publisher of the poets, a contemporary now reveals that he was the poet of the publishers. Of this we were not previously aware. At any rate, whether or not he was poetical himself, it is quite certain that he was the cause of poetry in others—for let the poets say what they will about the impulses of genius, there is no inspiration equal to that of a publisher with a good banker's balance, and who is bold enough to risk the publication of verses. Mr. Moxon was assisted when he commenced business by SAMUEL ROGERS, who removed his "Italy" from LONGMANS, placed it in Moxon's hands, and made him his publisher for the rest of his life. A long list of famous names will be found after ROGERS's in the pages of Mr. Moxon's ledger—BARRY CORNWALL, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, TENNYSON, SHERIDAN KNOWLES, CHARLES LAMB, and FORSTER.

THE STATESMEN OF THE CONTINENT.

No. I.

HEINRICH WILHELM AUGUST VON GAGERN.

THE attempt which the Germans made after the last French Revolution to gain a larger measure of freedom failed not from one cause, but from many causes. It was too much a mere tumult excited by the Gallic effervescence, and it was complicated by the abstractions and hampered by the pedantries to which the Germans are so prone. Time was wasted in assailing and carrying numerous unimportant points, when a few bold, decisive strokes might have secured victory. There was a childish extravagance of speech just in the degree of the feeble and irresolute action. Enough was said and done to alarm the timid and to irritate the powerful, but not enough to convince the wavering, and to rouse the deeper heart of the nation. The Germans are, to a greater extent even than the English, by nature and by habit conservative. Reform then must come to them in proportions the vastest, and in shape the most organic and living, before they can abandon the fashion of existence and the faith of their forefathers. It must, therefore, be preached to them by some strong German soul as conservative by nature and by habit as the rest of his countrymen. This explains Luther's success. Luther was no innovator, no wild insurrectionary spirit. He was a believer in the Old, and he strove simply to sweep away the corruptions by which the Old was defaced. He became an iconoclast in aspiring to be a restorer; it was still never his desire or delight to be a breaker of idols only. Now, it may be that ten years ago Germany was not ripe for freedom; it may be that we have not to look for the source of signal and ridiculous disaster further than that one fact; but assuredly, whatever of genuine the movement had in it was lost for want of some leader of the Luther stamp. The most prominent and influential personage was Gagern, who had as little as possible of the Luther breadth, earnestness, sagacity, pertinacity, and valour. Granting, which we are not disposed to question, the purity of Gagern's patriotism, we must dispute his claim to commanding political ability. There is a good deal in him of the *dilettante*, a good deal more of the *doctrinaire*. Partly he played with politics, and partly he entered the political field with the temper and the crotchets of a Necker or a Guizot. The position, however, which he for a brief season occupied, and the integrity and disinterestedness which, in the absence of fertile and energetic capacity, he therein displayed, render his career worthy of fuller record than it has yet received.

Heinrich Wilhelm August von Gagern, the

third son of Hans Christoph Ernst, Baron von Gagern, was born at Baireuth on the 20th August, 1799. His father, during a long life, extending from the 25th January, 1766, to the 27th October, 1852, had attained some eminence as author, orator, and statesman. Of the Baron von Gagern's ten children, two others besides Heinrich battled their way out from the crowd. An elder brother, Friedrich, an accomplished and chivalrous man, was killed in 1848 when in command of the troops that were attacking the insurgents in Baden; a younger brother, Maximilian, attached himself to the political fortunes of Heinrich, rose as he rose, and fell as he fell. Heinrich was carefully educated, and had all the advantages to be derived from his father's example, experience, and social influence. The future Jupiter of the Frankfort Parliament was destined for the army, and studied from 1812 to 1814 at the Munich military school. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, Gagern enrolled himself under the Nassau banner and fought as lieutenant at Waterloo. When peace was proclaimed our young soldier sought peaceful occupations. Successively a student at the Universities of Heidelberg, Göttingen, and Jena, he took an active part in the formation of the *Burschenschaften*, which were the expression of a profound national yearning, though the schemes they propounded may have been dreamy, and the objects they sought fantastic. The enthusiasm which the war of liberation had kindled was for Germany, and not for the dynasties; yet the dynasties had impudently and ungratefully stepped in to reap all the fruits of the enthusiasm. This gave birth to a new enthusiasm, in which indignation at the perfidy of the governments was predominant. A blunder of modern politics everywhere is to treat enthusiasm as an absurdity, whereas in nobler days enthusiasm was exactly the force the most relied on by a politician of genius. Enthusiasm despised or distrusted, cunning takes the place of wisdom, and instead of masterly statesmanship we have dynastic selfishness, bureaucratic routine, and diplomatic dexterity. The thought which lay in the heart of every *Burschenschaft* was this: that, as the final struggle with the French had just proved how great Germany was among the greatest when united, it was the duty of every German ruler, of every German, whatever his position, profession, or creed, to increase the unity. It did not require much skill to deal with that thought or with the *Burschenschaften*. Nothing more was needed than a little generosity, and an honest desire to see how far German unity could really be promoted. A resort to denunciations of the democracy and to repressive laws was preferred. And what are the results? A long revolutionary fever, than which a country can suffer no more horrible curse; the death of a beautiful loyalty, the total alienation of the bravest from thrones which fifty years ago they would gladly have perished to shield; and the gradual depopulation of Germany through the voluntary exile of the most industrious and enterprising of her sons—an argument this against the madness and blindness of tyranny so overwhelming, that tyranny is puzzled more and more how to meet it, for it cannot chain the ocean, or efface the United States, Canada, Australia, California, from the map of the world. Hot and opulent with the visions of that German unity which thirty years later he seemed about to lead to triumph, Gagern went, in 1819, to Geneva to complete his studies. In 1821 he obtained administrative employment in Hesse Darmstadt. This grand duchy, with its million or so of inhabitants, aspired to a vigorous political existence. It had its houses of parliament, like larger realms. In 1832 Gagern, after due administrative and political apprenticeship, was elected to the second chamber, in which it was not difficult for him to be a Demosthenes. The Grand Duke—the father of the present Empress of Russia—was always squabbling with the deputies about financial matters. Other affairs mingled; for, like a true German prince, the Grand Duke had to try his hand at repression: but it would not be altogether unfair to describe the history of Hesse Darmstadt from the July revolution to the February one as an incessant application by the grand-ducal family for more cash. This was rather a small region for a man like Gagern to move in. He delivered eloquent speeches, he published eloquent pamphlets; he declined a pension to which he was entitled from the Government, he declined a subscription offered by his friends; the champion of economy and of liberty in Hesse Darmstadt, he raised up his

voice for German unity with equal zeal. Growing tired of the contest, he took to farming, in which he was much more successful than in politics. He was as one crying in the desert when speaking of Hesse Darmstadt's follies, afflictions, and lavish expenditure, of Germany's wrongs and of Germany's duties; but he was respected and honoured as a high agricultural authority. Was it well to call so worthy a Cincinnatus from the plough? Called, however, from the plough he was. Toward the end of 1846 the Obstructives in Hesse Darmstadt had induced the Government to attempt a radical change in the constitution. This retrogressive policy Gagern, in a pamphlet, strongly condemned. The blunder which the Government had committed was proved by the elections, which had an unmistakeably popular character. Gagern was chosen by the city of Worms and various other places. His return to political life was hailed as in itself a victory by the Constitutional Opposition. Scarcely, however, had the Chambers commenced their operations, when the news startled Germany that Louis-Philippe no longer reigned in France. The reverberation of this inglorious catastrophe reached the remotest points of the Germanic Confederation. The feebleness and incompetency which marked political action in France for several years after the downfall of the July dynasty were destined to have their faithful counterpart in Germany. It was somewhat symbolical of the utter barrenness of Gagern's political doings, that about the time when Hesse Darmstadt was rejoicing in his restoration to the captainship of the Constitutional Opposition he was to have fought a duel with a political opponent, but did not fight it because his second considered that some formality had been by that opponent neglected. As head of the Constitutional Opposition Gagern was, through the shock of the Parisian commotion, raised to the Hesse Darmstadt premiership. He issued a rhetorical proclamation, and nothing else can we find that as premier of Hesse Darmstadt he did. A wider scene, if not a more effectual work, awaited him. There was to be an agitation for German unity—not as a natural and national fact, but as a bare dogma, a vague and vain abstraction. Gagern sent forth the watchword, which was—moderation. Now, in a normal state of things moderation is excellent; but in revolutionary circumstances it is a confession of weakness. As apostle of moderation, Gagern's brother Maximilian was dispatched to Southern Germany to proselytise among the governments. What, however, could any of the German governments see in Gagern's chimerical projects which, either in lowest selfishness or loftiest patriotism, they could applaud? If there was to be an Emperor of Germany, and if he was to be assisted in his counsels by an assembly elected in some complicated mode by princes and peoples, the governments lost all independence and sank into the most contemptible semblances. It was preposterous to suppose that they should thus court their own annihilation. During two brief years, from the spring of 1848 to the spring of 1850, Gagern waved the wand of conspicuous inefficiency over admiring, then indifferent, then wholly disenchanted millions. The chronicle is not the less saddening that it has in it nothing shameful. It was too soon discovered that this was no godlike deliverer—no Thor with a hammer and an arm potent enough to smite the most formidable obstacles down. Heidelberg and other conferences prepared the Frankfort Parliament, at which so much was to be achieved, but where nothing was achieved except the wreck of Gagern's reputation as a statesman. Over the Frankfort Parliament Erfurt and other conferences sang the requiem. Gagern was first president of the Parliament, the acclaim being loud and unanimous; subsequently chief of a ministry for an empire which had yet to be created; then a feeble Warwick—a maker and unmaker of ministries for this same imaginary empire. The proposed Emperor of Germany—the King of Prussia—after coquetting with the dangerous dignity which he had not the courage to grasp, dashed it angrily aside, confirming the experience of ages that there is no treachery so hateful as the treachery of irresolution. Unfortunately for Gagern, the King of Prussia was like himself an ideologist, no mighty monarch of living men. Whatever may be the private virtues of Frederick William the Fourth, whatever his acquirements as a scholar or his taste as a connoisseur, he has not one quality fitting him for a grand position, and

especially for the guidance of a country like Prussia in stormy or difficult times. His two predecessors were mediocrities; he cannot be called a mediocrity, and yet he has been a worse ruler than they. Your prosaic plodder can at least march straight forward to a point when he distinctly sees it; but an imaginative pietist sees nothing distinctly, and he speaks of his hesitancy and poltroonery as resignation to the will of Deity. A good professor, an incomparable monk, the King of Prussia would no doubt have been; but wo to the land in which a professor or a monk hath supreme sway! And yet not otherwise than through Prussia can German unity be attained. Sooner or later Prussia must absorb the other German states. A fresh European war would hasten the process. At the outset the smaller German states would be compelled to be the allies of France. As France, however victorious at first, is always sure to be defeated at last by stronger though less impetuous nations, the German friends of France would have to share the punishment of France, however involuntary might have been their sins. For deserting the fatherland in its hour of need they would have to atone by being more closely incorporated with the fatherland; yet what could the fatherland mean, at the end of a long contest, but Prussia? Is not Prussia the England of the Continent? Does it not represent and incarnate the grandest reality of modern times—industrialism? And, instead of mourning like the Catholic kingdoms over a dead past, and trying desperately to revive it, does not Prussia march cheerfully on toward the future? Protestantism in the narrow, sectarian, Exeter Hall sense can interest no one who has eyes for aught higher and wider than Exeter Hall. But both at home and abroad it has a much more comprehensive meaning. It signifies honest conviction, honest work, and the scientific and progressive forces that must hold empire till a more poetic and religious being again envelopes mankind. Is industrialism the divinest of facts? Is Protestantism the final revelation? Assuredly not; but just as assuredly they are immensely before the lying and leprous fictions in which the Catholic kingdoms believe or pretend to believe. Whatever may be the ostensible subject of dispute at the beginning, the next European war will merge into a combat between the Catholic and Protestant principles. And by the establishment of Protestant ascendancy, Prussia will enormously gain. Not, however, without enormous sacrifices; not without the abandonment of a craven and hesitating policy alike dishonourable and disastrous. This is how we understand German unity; it was the misfortune for himself and for Germany that Gagern understood it so much otherwise. After having admirably succeeded in making a cause unsuccessful, Gagern joined an unsuccessful cause. When the Danes had gained the battle of Istedt, and when there was no longer the slightest chance for the insurgents, Gagern chose, with a chivalry which we must pity rather than applaud, to fight as major against the victorious Danes during the remainder of the campaign. With this display of ostentatious valour and devotedness his public life ends. In 1852 he sold an estate which had been left him by his father, and retired with his family to Heidelberg. We have no prejudice against Gagern, and we have not wished to utter one harsh or offensive word regarding him. He is an amiable and accomplished gentleman; but the rulers and regenerators of nations must be made of sterner stuff. We have rather too many amiable and accomplished gentlemen taking part in our own public affairs. They are useless when not mischievous, and we should not regret if, like Gagern, they were to retire to Heidelberg, and cultivate like him the domestic virtues.

Big Ben was weighed on Thursday, and the result given by the steelyard was 13 tons 10 cwt. 1 qr. 12 lb., or rather more than two tons less than the former one. It is still, however, one of the largest bells in Europe, excluding Russia, the country of large bells—being only inferior in size and weight to those of Vienna and Olmutz. The Erfurt bell now exceeds it a little in weight, for though its diameter and thickness are less its height is greater. The exact dimensions of the present Big Ben have not yet been given, and are as follow:—Diameter, 9 ft.; height outside, 7 ft. 6 in.; inside, 6 ft. 4 in.; thickness of sound bow, 8 in.; thickness of thinnest part, 3 in. The four quarter bells, of which the tuning was suspended until the recasting of the great bell, are expected to be delivered in a few days, after which they will all be taken up and hung without delay, and the clock will follow them.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The American Revolution, from the Declaration of Independence. By GEORGE BANCROFT. London: Trübner and Co. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. Vol. VII.

ACCORDING to the rate at which Mr. Bancroft is proceeding, his history threatens to exceed in prolixity even the monstrous productions of Sir Archibald Alison. The sixth volume brought us down to May 1774, when the revolutionary elements in America were smouldering and ready to burst into a blaze; and the present goodly volume, containing 435 pages royal octavo, only makes an advance of thirteen months, by bringing us to June 1775. It must be admitted, however, that those thirteen months were, perhaps, the most momentous period of time that ever occurred in the history of a great people. Nations sometimes compress the experience of ages into a month, into a day. It is true that the analytical historian may lay bare the hidden traces of slow and gradual approach whereby a revolution, apparently spontaneous, reaches the moment of consummation; yet it is also the fact that there are crises in the affairs of a people in which changes of the most radical description succeed each other with such swiftness, that we are almost tempted to believe that the people has been hurried, in spite of itself, into a kind of irresistible whirlwind—that it has abnegated all control over itself, and has blindly submitted to the influence of destiny. Such an epoch certainly was the period of thirteen months comprised in Mr. Bancroft's volume; for it was during their passage that the great American people asserted and established its independence.

It forms no part of our duty in reviewing this volume to re-open the vast questions then impending between the mother country and its colony; our business is simply to inquire in what manner and spirit Mr. Bancroft has recorded the facts of the struggle. That a mind so thoroughly American, in the narrowest and most partial sense of the word, should see everything from the point of view most favourable to his fellow-countrymen, obstinately refusing the while to see anything in favour of the British, is no more than what was to be expected; it must be confessed, however, that in some instances Mr. Bancroft outsteps the licence which is usually and properly extended to over-zealous patriotism. We are not surprised to find the outbreak of anarchy over Europe compared to the harmony of Spring; but it is going a little too far when England is upbraided, at the commencement of the volume, with having lost a chance in not herself declaring the independence of her American subjects.

The marking event in European politics at the time to which the commencement of Mr. Bancroft's volume refers, was the death of that depraved old reprobate, Louis XV. Mr. Bancroft declares that, "next to Du Barry and her party, there was no such sincere mourner for Louis the Fifteenth as George the Third." It would appear, however, that his Britannic Majesty did not despair of winning over the successor to the French throne to become his accomplice in enslaving America; and to that end he caused the *London Court Gazette* (whatever print that may have been) to style the newly-made King "the King of France"—no descendant of St. Louis having been, up to that time, so recognised by the English Court. We have it upon the faith of Mr. Bancroft, and in a grave historical work, that this was the bribe which one Sovereign thought fit to offer to another.

The day of the accession of Louis XVI. was marked by the arrival at Boston of the Act closing the port, and transferring the customs to Marblehead and the seat of government to Salem. This unwise act on the part of Lord North was followed by a demonstration of very firm public feeling on the part of the Bostonians. There was a meeting in Faneuil Hall, at which union and resistance were resolved upon, and which is described by Mr. Bancroft in these somewhat magniloquent terms.

The lowly men who now met there were most of them accustomed to feed their own cattle; to fold their own sheep; to guide their own plough; all trained to public life in the little democracies of their towns; some of them captains in the militia and

officers of the church according to the discipline of Congregationalists; nearly all of them communicants, under a public covenant with God. They grew in greatness as their sphere enlarged. Their virtue burst the confines of village life. They felt themselves to be citizens not of little municipalities, but of the whole world of mankind. In their dark hour light broke upon them from their own truth and courage.

The arrival of Gage, with four regiments at his back, to intimidate the American continent, arrest the leaders of the revolutionary movement, and obtain payment from the Bostonians of the tea they had thrown overboard, was the next manifestation of Lord North's policy. The Americans, however, prepared for resistance, and on the 1st of June 1774 the blockade of Boston commenced. Here is Mr. Bancroft's description of that event:

On the 1st day of June, Hutchinson embarked for England; and as the clocks in the Boston belfries finished striking twelve, the blockade of the harbour began. The inhabitants of the town were chiefly traders, shipwrights, and sailors; and since no anchor could be weighed, no sail unfurled, no vessel so much as launched from the stocks, their cheerful industry was at an end. No more are they to lay the keel of the fleet merchantman, or shape the rib symmetrically for its frame, or strengthen the graceful hull by knees of oak, or rig the well-proportioned masts, or bend the sails to the yards. The king of that country has changed the busy workshops into scenes of compulsory idleness, and the most skillful naval artisans in the world, with the keenest eye for forms of beauty and speed, are forced by Act of Parliament to fold their hands. Want scowled on the labourer, as he sat with his wife and children at his board. The sailor roamed the streets listlessly without hope of employment. The law was executed with a rigour that went beyond the intentions of its authors. Not a scow could be manned by oars to bring an ox, or a sheep, or a bundle of hay from the islands. All water carriage from wharf to wharf, though but of lumber, or bricks, or lime, was strictly forbidden. The boats between Boston and Charleston could not ferry a parcel of goods across Charles River; the fishermen of Marblehead, when from their hard pursuit they bestowed quintals of dried fish on the poor of Boston, were obliged to transport their offering in waggons by a circuit of thirty miles. The warehouses of the thrifty merchants were at once made valueless; the costly wharves, which extended far into the channel, and were so lately covered with the produce of the tropics and with English fabrics, were become solitary places; the harbour, which had resounded incessantly with the cheering voices of prosperous commerce, was now disturbed by no sounds but from British vessels of war.

But neither this rash and cruel measure, nor the Act of Parliament known as the Regulating Act, had any effect in quelling the spirit which was roused in America. A long pent-up flood of indignation, largely swelled by what may really be termed a patriotic feeling, was the only result of this endeavour to coerce the offending city, and the result of the attempt to enforce the Regulating Act may be best told in Mr. Bancroft's own words:

Gage began to show alarm. He looked about him for more troops; he recommended the repair of Crown Point, and a strong garrison at Ticonderoga, a well-guarded line of communication between New York and Canada. He himself came from Salem to support the chief justice in opening the court at Boston. On the same day began the term of the inferior court at Springfield. But early in the morning, 1500 or 2000 men, with drums and trumpets, marched into that town, set up a black flag at the court-house, and threatened death to any one who should enter. After some treaty, the judges executed a written covenant not to put their commissions in force; Worthington resigned his office of councillor; those of the lawyers who had sent an address to Gage, atoned for their offence by a written confession. Williams, the tory of Hatfield, and others were compelled successively to go round a large circle, and ask forgiveness. Catlin and Warner fell upon their knees; old Captain Mirreke, of Monson, was drawn in a cart and threatened to be tarred and feathered. The people agreed that the troops, if Gage should march them to Worcester, should be resisted by at least 20,000 men from Hampshire county and Connecticut. At Boston the judges took their seats, and the usual proclamations were made; when the men who had been returned as jurors, one and all, refused to take the oath. Being asked why they refused, Thomas Chase, who was of the petit jury, gave as his reason, "that the chief justice of the court stood impeached by the late representatives of the province." In a

paper offered by the jury, the judges found their authority disputed for the further reasons, that the charter of the province had been changed with no warrant but an Act of Parliament, and that three of the judges, in violation of the constitution, had accepted seats in the new council. The chief justice and his colleagues, repairing in a body to the governor, represented the impossibility of exercising their office in Boston or in any other part of the province; the army was too small for their protection; and besides, none would act as jurors. Thus the authority of the new government, as established by Act of Parliament, perished in the presence of the governor, the judges, and the army.

These movements on the part of the New Englanders were certainly of a very decided character, and they were eagerly approved of by the other provinces.

"Words cannot express," wrote Putnam and his committee in behalf of 500 men under arms at Pomfret, "the gladness discovered by every one at the appearance of a door being open to avenge the many abuses and insults which those foes to liberty have offered to our brethren in your town and province. But for counter intelligence, we should have had 40,000 men, well equipped and ready to march this morning. Send a written express to the foreman of this committee, when you have occasion for our martial assistance; we shall attend your summons, and shall glory in having a share in the honour of ridding our country of the yoke of tyranny, which our forefathers have not borne, neither will we; and we much desire you to keep a strict guard over the remainder of your powder, for that must be the great means, under God, of the salvation of our country."

Yet Mr. Bancroft would have the world believe, in the face of this, that Washington was in earnest when he said, "he was convinced that not one thinking man in all North America desired independence." At this very time, Congress itself resolved, by a great majority, "That this Congress approve the opposition of the inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay to the execution of the late Acts of Parliament; and if the same shall be attempted to be carried into execution by force, in such case all America ought to support them in their opposition."

We hasten over the events which intervened between that open defiance of the English Crown and Gage's sad and irremediable blunder at Lexington—a blunder which raised the cry of innocent blood against our arms, and precipitated a dilemma in which conciliation was yet possible into all the horrors of war. The deplorable events of that 19th of April, 1775, are described by Mr. Bancroft at great length; but it is upon the retreat of the small body of British troops before a whole country-side up in arms that he dwells with national fervour.

At first the invaders moved in order; as they drew near Lexington, their flanking parties became ineffective from weariness; the wounded were scarce able to get forward. In the west of Lexington, as the British were rising Fiske's Hill, a sharp contest ensued. It was at the eastern foot of the same hill that James Hayward, son of the deacon of Acton church, encountered a regular, and both at the same moment fired: the regular was instantly killed, James Hayward was mortally wounded. A little further on fell the octogenarian Josiah Haynes, of Sudbury, who had kept pace by the side of the swiftest in the pursuit, with a rugged valour which age had not tempered. The British troops, "greatly exhausted and fatigued, and having expended almost all their ammunition," began to run rather than retreat in order. The officers vainly attempted to stop their flight. "They were driven before the Americans like sheep." At last, about two in the afternoon, after they had hurried with shameful haste through the middle of the town, about a mile below the field of the morning's murder, the officers got to the front, and, by menaces of death, began to form them under a very heavy fire. At that moment Lord Percy came in sight with the first brigade, consisting of Welsh fusiliers, the fourth, the forty-seventh, and the thirty-eighth regiments, in all about 1200 men, with two field pieces. Insolent as usual, they marched out of Boston to the tune of Yankee Doodle; but they grew alarmed at finding every house on the road deserted. They met not one person to give them tidings of the party whom they were sent to rescue; and now that they had made the junction, they could think only of their own safety. While the cannon kept the Americans at bay, Percy formed his detachment into a square, inclosing the fugitives, who lay down for rest on the ground. "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

Remembering that this was a running fight

between a handful of eight hundred regulars and an almost countless body of farmers and peasantry, all of whom were accustomed to the use of arms, and whose anger was fiercely excited by the conduct of the British at Lexington and Concord, we cannot, however inclined to blame Gage, regard the performance of this day as any striking proof of American chivalry. Lord Percy, who was present at the retreat, charged the Americans with having "scalped and cut off the ears of the wounded,"—an assertion which is entirely unsupported by evidence, and which Mr. Bancroft is content to dismiss with an indignant denial.

Much liberality in dealing with the English side of the question is not, however, to be expected from a man who accuses Edmund Burke of "coquetting with Wilkes," and who echoes one of the few silly speeches that Franklin ever made, when he said that "if America would save for three or four years the money she spends in the fashions and fineries and fopperies of this country, she might buy the whole Parliament, ministry and all." With what patience, moreover, can we in England listen to a man who thus sums up the character of grand old Samuel Johnson?

While such was the state of angry opposition between the citizens and soldiers at Boston, Lord Howe at London finally broke off his negotiations with Franklin, and the ministry used the pen of Samuel Johnson to inflame the public mind. Johnson was a poor man's son, and had himself tasted the bitter cup of extreme indigence. His father left no more than 20*l.* To bury his mother and pay her little debts, he had written *Rasselas*. For years he had gained a precarious support as an author. He had paced the streets of London all night long, from not having where to lay his head; he had escaped a prison for a trifle he owed by begging an alms of Richardson, had broken his bread with poverty, and had even known what it is from sheer want to go without a dinner. When better days came, he loved the poor as few else loved them; and he nursed in his house whole nests of the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful. A man who had thus sturdily battled with social evils, and was so keenly touched by the wretchedness of the down-trodden, deserved to have been able to feel for an injured people; but he refused to do so. Having defined the word pension as "pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country," he was himself become a pensioner; and at the age of three score and six, with small hire, like a bravo who loves his trade, he set about the task of his work-masters. In a tract, which he called "Taxation no Tyranny," he echoed to the crowd the haughty rancour, which passed down from the King and his court, to his council, to the ministers, to the aristocracy, their parasites and followers, with nothing remarkable in his party zeal but the intensity of its bitterness, or in his manner but its unparalleled insolence, or in his argument but its grotesque extravagance. . . . Had Johnson been truly a man of genius, he would have escaped the shame of having, in his old age, aimed at freedom the feeble shaft which was meant to have carried ruin. In spite of the ostentatious pomp of his morality, his own heart was riveted to the earth. At the last, he covered under the fear of dissolution as though death were an enemy; scarifying his limbs in the vain hope of breathing though but a few hours more; unable in the moment of change to fix his eye on God, or to grasp eternity; the emblem of the old political system, which also lay on its deathbed, helplessly longing to live on. His name is never breathed as a watchword, his writings never thrill as oracles.

Yet, in spite of all its partiality and all its shortcomings, Mr. Bancroft's work is a remarkable contribution to the history of that great and memorable revolution. Possibly, had he been less national he would have been less in earnest; and it is good to have an opportunity of seeing from all points of view.

Froude's History of England. Vols. III. and IV. London: Parker and Son.

(Concluded from p. 245.)

In his fourth volume Mr. Froude undertakes to trace the cotemporaneous history of Scotland from the disastrous era of Flodden Field to the last days of Henry VIII. This period includes the stormy reign of James V. and the earlier years of his daughter, the unhappy Mary Stuart's minority. Queen Margaret, wife of the slain monarch, daughter of Henry the Seventh and sister of Henry the Eighth of England, guided the youth of James V. Neither the guardian nor the ward prospered in their generation. The mother was a weak woman, whose reputation and administration were the toys of more than one too-favoured lover. The son became similarly the sport of his courtiers and his mistresses. The Queen's second husband, the Earl of Angus, whom she married within a year after her first husband fell on Flodden, was soon driven into exile; and the rest of James's minority is sig-

nalised only by the dissensions among the powerful nobles who contended for the administration. Henry the Eighth, either from generosity or policy, interfered little with Scotch politics during his nephew's nonage; but as the latter grew up, the English King advanced consanguinity as a pretext for an intervention which, probably, not all will agree with Mr. Froude in assigning to purely disinterested motives. James was weak and fickle, and perhaps unfairly distrusted the somewhat ostentatious benevolence of his royal uncle. A hollow peace was precipitated into a war towards the premature close of the Scotch King's reign. His army encountered the English in the fatal neighbourhood of Solway Moss. A small force of English borderers, under Lord Dacres, sufficed to create a panic, and the rising tide of the Solway completed the defeat of the Scotch army. The news hastened the death of James, whose health had long been failing, and, little more than thirty, he died within a few hours after his daughter, Mary Stuart, was born. He left a bankrupt kingdom, to pass successively for many years through the unsteady hands of noble adventurers, such as the Earl of Arran and Cardinal Beton. Mary of Guise, as Queen Regent, held a nominal supremacy; but her chief act of diplomacy was in the successful negotiation of a prospective marriage between the Prince of Wales and her infant daughter.

But Scotland is an episode of little value in the reign of Henry VIII. The great contest was between England and the European continent as represented by the Papacy, and the two great powers, Germany and France—which were alternately her tools and her masters, her dupes and her deceivers. It is remarkable how, even in an age when much of the spirit of the mediæval crusades still survived, the most fanatical of empires could no longer be urged to the use of fire and sword against the heretics. Mr. Froude does not give that attention to this fact which we think that it deserves; nor do we find in his history any solution of the surely important question why the great religious movement of the sixteenth century invested itself so late in ranks of hostile arms. Earlier, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; later, towards the close of the sixteenth and during the seventeenth century, men fought readily enough for their religious faith; but the fourteenth, fifteenth, and early part of the sixteenth centuries are unmarked by wars of a purely religious character. Not all the rhetoric of Paul could induce either Charles or Francis to bring the secular arm of their empires to sustain the Holy Catholic Church against the heretic Henry. When the war did break out, political objects, and not religious motives, were clearly its cause. The problem can only be understood by the supposition that the religious revolution which had shown itself in Germany and England was far more extensive even than it appeared to be; and that the general distrust of Rome, and coldness of faith, had not yet been warmed into the internecine frenzy which party feelings communicated to it subsequently.

The under-current of some such a sentiment, acting on the imperfect comprehension of the divine truth that creeds, whether right or wrong, are not to be propagated by persecution, while it raises the dignity of European history in the latter years of Henry VIII., deprives it of that exciting and stormy interest which belongs to the King's early years. Neither Charles nor Francis had ever shown a strong disposition to engage in a religious war; and Henry, who had been at all times careless, but not desirous, of such an event, became in his declining years nervously anxious to avoid it. It cannot be doubted, after a careful survey of his history, that a genuine wish to compromise and pacify the bitter controversies of the Reformation was a paramount sentiment in the King's heart long before he died. In his last address to his Parliament—when his composure failed him and his speech was broken by his tears—he charged solemnly his hearers, and through them his subjects, to substitute the spirit of charity for that spirit of persecution which disgraced alike Papists and Reformers. Far from concurring as we are with Mr. Froude in all his theories about the King's character, we believe that none can read the touching valediction which Henry on this occasion addressed mournfully to his Parliament, without being persuaded that it was something more than the mere physical penitence of a dying man.

There is much in this last volume of Mr. Froude's which we must pass over hastily, and

which, indeed, will scarcely repay students of these days for a detailed perusal. Everything relating to the great religious revolution has an indelible interest and importance of its own. By its side wars and rumours of wars, such as marked the close of Henry the Eighth's reign, have scarcely any noticeable value, as they have had no lasting influence. Yet both the foreign and home position of Henry at this time was not after the common condition of royalty. He was fighting, and fighting successfully, to retain the last remnants of English empire in France; but at the same time his own coasts were threatened by a French fleet such as never before nor since advanced so closely to the heart of the empire. The Isle of Wight was plundered, Portsmouth was threatened; and although the greatness of the English navy dates from this time, it might have gone hard with the land if the invaders had not retired before the plague which broke out in the fleet. But the reprisals in France were also worthy of England. Boulogne was taken, and kept against the might and flower of the French army. Again and again its strength was broken against the walls of the town, but the English flag waved invincibly there and at Calais. At the same time another terrible tragedy was going on in the English court. Catherine Howard, a niece of Cromwell's great enemy, the Duke of Norfolk, "had borne a notable appearance of honour, cleanness, and maidenly behaviour"—and was accordingly preferred to the matrimonial vacancy which had been created by the divorce of Anne of Cleves. Thirteen months after the marriage the King wrote to the Bishop of Lincoln, giving his "Maker most hearty thanks for the good life he led and trusted to lead with Catherine; for the whole realm, in respect of the virtues and good behaviour which she showed outwardly, did her all honour accordingly." On the following day Cranmer wrote him a letter disclosing unquestionable evidence of the Queen's adulteries with more than one paramour. "No reasonable doubt could be entertained that the King had a second time suffered the worst injuries which a wife could inflict upon him." So writes Mr. Froude. The case was clear. The Queen confessed; she and her accomplices were convicted and executed according to law.

On this misfortune Mr. Froude builds a curious theory, which, if not a paradox, clashes strangely with all vulgar notions of Henry's character and ruling passion. It has been thought generally, on historical report and the experience of human nature, that King Henry's weaknesses in the matter of his wives were to be attributed to his inordinate and capricious passion for women. It was said very neatly and naïvely by Mr. Froude in his first volume, that "it would have been well for Henry if he had lived in a world where women did not exist; so ill he succeeded in his relations with them." Mr. Froude tells us now that the King was apparently of a "cold" temperament—that he was, in truth, rather indifferent than otherwise to the society of the opposite sex—that he was impelled to seek it, always and only in lawful matrimony, from a conscientious and royal sense of his duty to give the throne heirs—in short, touching the subject as explicitly as modern conventionality permits, that the stout, sturdy, headstrong, bluff, and wholly manly King Hal, whom all love pre-eminently as the type of English character, was little better, constitutionally, than the neutral and nameless creatures which guard a Turk's seraglio. It was well said by some wise man or other, "Heaven defend me from my friends." Mr. Froude is King Henry's friend, through good and ill report; but calls he this backing of his friends? Mr. Froude has shown that Henry had good and sufficient cause for putting two wives to death. None deliberately charges the King with murdering them; but Mr. Froude's gratuitous defence reads very much as if he were to content that his friend could not be a murderer because he was a coward. The fiction is too transparent for criticism, too absurd even for laughter.

A graver and more startling suggestion is in the story of the Earl of Surrey. It is generally believed that this accomplished and unfortunate young nobleman was the last gratuitous victim of the King's dying caprice when infuriated by disease. Mr. Froude brings strong evidence to show that this view is a gross popular delusion; that Surrey, although undoubtedly accomplished, had spent a youth of vile profligacy; that his unwarrantable assumption of the royal arms was not merely an impertinence, but indicated a serious design on the succession; and—horror of horrors

—that he sought to compass his designs by purchasing the King's interest with the honour of his own sister. The evidence of these charges is so strong; the last and worst charge appears to have been proved so clearly by the deposition of Surrey's sister; and the treasonable nature of his designs appears also to be proved so clearly—that, unless we suppose the documentary evidence to have been forged, neither justice, nor any law of man or nature, permits us to sympathise with Surrey. He was justly slain, must be the verdict against him as against the first Cæsar.

Thus, then, Mr. Froude concludes the fourth volume of his history with the conclusion of the reign of Henry VIII. His history is, to our mind, the most important and most enlightened, as well as most pains-taking, that has yet been written on the subject. We shall look forward with impatience to his narrative of the great Papist reaction in Mary's reign, and the final triumph of Protestantism in the glories of the Elizabethan age. Hitherto, with few exceptions, Mr. Froude has followed a clear middle course between the rival creeds; and he has thought it no part of his duty either to vilify Papacy or to extol Protestantism unduly. His weakness is that of all clever men in these days—a love of paradox, and a tendency to discredit a popular belief merely because it is popular. In his estimate of King Henry's character, if he had been satisfied with the assertion that the King, in his general conduct of the Reformation, was upheld by a strong personal conviction that his policy was upright, and the best for Church and State in England, none would probably attack such a position. But when Mr. Froude proceeds to claim for his hero a kind of transcendental immunity from frailties by which mortal men most commonly err, and which are quite intelligible when assigned to errors of our common nature, we scarcely know whether he is exercising his own forensic ingenuity, or trying the extent of popular credulity. But let him only avoid these sins of genius, and he will end his labours with the just conviction that he has added a valuable and noble page to English history.

Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents.
By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. New edition.
Bohn.

Mr. Jesse followed his "Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts" with the Memoirs before us, and Mr. Bohn has added them to his "Historical Library." The principal personages who figure here are the Prince James Frederick Edward Stuart and the Prince Charles Edward; but grouped around them are the Princess Clementina Sobieski, the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale, Lords Lovat and Kenmare, the Countess of Albany, Cardinal York, the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromartie, Lord George Murray, Flora Macdonald, and others of lesser note. This new edition has been revised by the author, and is enriched with numerous portraits.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament, with a New Translation. By M. M. KALISCH, Phil. Doc., M.A. *Genesis.* (London: Longmans.)—Dr. Kalisch's new volume will do much to increase his well-deserved reputation. Our readers will bear in mind that when his volume on Exodus appeared some two or three years ago, we took occasion to commend both its plan and execution. We then scarcely anticipated that it would so soon be followed by the *Commentary on Genesis.* Such a work appeared to us to demand a much longer time for its elaboration. We are, therefore, agreeably surprised at its appearing so soon, especially as no marks of haste are discernible in its pages. It exhibits the same learning, the same power of analysis and careful sifting of evidence, as its predecessor; while—for us, at least—the topics that it discusses are far more interesting. The writer himself is fully impressed with the importance of the work he has taken in hand:

The Book of Genesis (he says) abounds with problems no less perplexing than interesting. Its vast range includes branches of the natural sciences and of history, of ethnography and philosophy; and with materials of singular variety, skilfully blends great and fruitful ideas. It has accordingly provoked an overwhelming mass of comment, partly in confirmation and partly in opposition to its state-

ments; it has proved the battle-field for almost every shade of opinion, both religious and sceptical; and it is evidently destined to become the arena for the critical discussion of the whole groundwork of Biblical theology, and for the introduction of a new era in religious thought.

Dr. Kalisch is aware that, to do anything like justice to so important a subject, and one involved in such difficulties, he must consult authorities both new and old. His Hebrew learning will not alone suffice. All that the Rabbins ever wrote or thought will not satisfy the modern inquiring mind; and neither Jew nor Christian will now be content with the exceedingly limited criticism that was in vogue at the commencement of the present century.

The excavations on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris (says Dr. Kalisch), the continued researches on Indian and Egyptian antiquities, the many new accounts of observing travellers who have recently visited the lands of the Bible, and the rapid advances made in the study of Oriental languages and literature, have materially augmented the means for illustrating the Scriptures. They have especially enabled us to pursue more efficiently than was hitherto possible the momentous inquiry concerning the relation which the Hebrew writings bear to the general cycle of eastern traditions. We have attempted to make these new sources of information available for the exposition of Genesis, and to point out the peculiarities which, in spite of a similarity of materials surprising in many instances, distinguish the records of the Israelites from those of other ancient nations. By thus separating the *form* of the narratives from the *ideas* which they embody, many difficulties may find a solution, doing equal justice to universal history and to the development of the Hebrew mind.

In any commentary upon Genesis our readers will naturally be anxious to know what are the views entertained by the author in reference to the Mosaic cosmogony. Dr. Kalisch has a preliminary chapter on this subject, which is the most succinct and satisfactory that we recollect to have ever seen. The result of his investigations is as follows:

We believe we have indisputably demonstrated, both by positive and negative proofs, that with regard to astronomy and geology the Biblical records are, in many essential points, utterly and irreconcilably at variance with the established results of modern researches. We must acquiesce in the conviction that at the time of the composition of the Pentateuch the natural sciences were still in their infancy, and that the Hebrews were, in those branches, not materially in advance of the other ancient nations. But, on the other hand, they succeeded in completely removing, even from their physical conceptions, every superstitious and idolatrous element.

We cannot conclude without complimenting Dr. Kalisch upon the remarkable progress made by him in English composition since the appearance of his previous volume. No one scarcely could believe, unless he were so informed, that the "Commentary on Genesis" was written by a foreigner. The mere English reader will be glad to know that there is also published a condensed edition of this work, without the Hebrew text, and not containing the philological notes—published, of course, at a lower price.

Evangelical Meditations. By the late ALEXANDER VINET, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne, Switzerland. Translated from the French by Professor EDWARD MASSON. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.) This new translation from Dr. Vinet shows that there is a strong connecting link between British and French or Swiss Protestantism. It is the old days revived, when Calvin and Beza and Bucer were popular among us. However much the tendencies of one section of the religious world may be in favour of rites and ceremonies, there is another section, and with many more votaries we think, that holds almost exclusively to doctrinal views. To say, however, that the latter neglect the practical duties of Christianity, would be most shamefully to belie them. Such writers as the late M. Vinet have done their utmost to make religion tell upon the ordinary affairs of life, to make their readers both good Christians and good citizens. And this is the praise of the present volume, that the principles it inculcates would, if carried out, do much towards reforming the world. To speak in praise of M. Vinet's eloquence would, at this time of day, when he is so well known among us by his work entitled "Vital Christianity," be altogether a work of supererogation. He is also distinguished for his earnestness, and the affectionate tone of his writings, which have well earned for him the appellation of the "Swiss Chalmers."

Thy Word is Truth: an Apology for Christianity. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., &c. (Lon-

don: Hall, Virtue and Co.) We are not fond of apologies for Christianity. We had thought their days were gone by. When such men as Toland and Bolingbroke, and Voltaire, and Hume flourished, and when scepticism, if not open infidelity, was the fashion, we used to have such things as apologies for Christianity—as if Christianity needed them! But surely we have outlived such things, if ever they were required. The Court preacher nowadays, who commences his sermon with "*Mes frères, nous mourrons tous!*" has no occasion, when he looks at the royal pew, to qualify it with the words "*presque tous.*" While we object, however, to the title of Dr. Cumming's volume, we have no fault to find with its contents, which, so far as it goes, offers a very fair summary of the evidences of Christianity.

There is, however, a more satisfactory book upon the same subject, just published, under the title of *Evidences of the Truth and Certainty of the Christian Religion, contrasted with the evils of Infidelity: chiefly meant for confirming Christians who are weak in the Faith.* By the Rev. WILLIAM BARNES, M.A., Rector of Brixton Deverill, Wilts, &c. (London: Bell and Daldy.)—There is not much originality in this work; but it is written in a flowing, easy style, which cannot fail to make it a favourite with the class of readers for whom it is intended—namely, those who wish to have a ready answer to objections against revealed religion. Mr. Barnes, we perceive, has drawn largely upon Mr. Horne and others for his arguments and illustrations.

Another candidate for the honour of solving the Apocalyptic mysteries has appeared in the author of the following:—*The Voice of the last Prophet: a practical Interpretation of the Apocalypse.* By the Rev. EDWARD HUNTINGFORD, D.C.L. &c. (London: Skeffington.)—This writer claims to have pursued his Apocalyptic researches in a thoroughly independent spirit.

The interpretation (he says) is the genuine and original work of the author. It was fairly thought out from the text, before he had read any works on the subject, and when he was in a position where books could not be easily obtained.

Afterwards he found that his views in many respects (indeed, the majority) coincided with those put forth by others. The question may therefore be fairly put with respect to the present publication, *Cui bono?* To this Mr. Barnes replies, that he wishes to make his work minister to the practical instruction of the reader.

This book (he says), rightly understood, and made the subject of frequent meditation, will waft us far above the blind labyrinths of controversy, and bring home to our inmost hearts the stirring realities of religion. We shall no longer dispute about justification by faith or justification by works; for we shall feel that, however we may theorise on this subject, the dead will be judged in the end, every man according to his works; that in the end he that is unjust will be unjust still; and he which is filthy will be filthy still; and he that is righteous will be righteous still; and he that is holy will be holy still.

All that we need further say about the book is that it belongs partly to the *Præterist* and partly to the *Futurist* school of interpretation, and that it treats the Apocalypse as a "sacred dramatic allegory," whose subject the author describes as follows:

The subject of the allegory being the warfare of Christ with Satan, it has been shown that the rider upon the white horse is Christ, the hero, so to speak, of the drama; that the beast to whom the serpent gives his throne is the symbol of the world, the enemy of Christ; those who have the seal of God on their foreheads are the worshippers of Christ; and those who receive the mark of the beast are the worshippers of the world.

This certainly is not so extravagant a theory of interpretation as those usually put forth; neither is the author quite so virulent as some of his brother interpreters; for, although he agrees with them that the Harlot called Babylon is Papal Rome, he "has taken great pains to distinguish between the Papacy, as a great worldly and corrupt system, and the Roman Catholic Church, which must contain many of those who are living members of Christ, although for a time, like the Israelites of old, they are involved in the superstitions, errors, and idolatries of their rulers."

Popular Objections to Catholic Faith and Practice considered. By WILLIAM DODSWORTH, M.A. (London: Burns and Lambert.) If we are to judge by the number of works that have issued from the press during the last few years upon the differences between Protestants and Roman Catholics, it certainly does not appear that we shall

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very soon have an "end of controversy." This tract is another addition to the defences of Romanism, and the author of it writes with all the zeal of a new convert. That he has succeeded, however, in removing any of the popular objections to his newly-found spiritual mother, we are at a loss to perceive. Perfectly approving of his introductory remarks—in which he tells us what care should be taken by controversialists "to try every argument by the sole test of truth; what earnestness to comprehend the exact meaning of an opponent's argument; what a careful exclusion of all temper, especially of all irritating words, which are so incompatible with a mind anxious to weigh everything in an even balance"—we cannot congratulate him upon having himself sufficiently attended to the advice they contain. What little interest he feels for the truth is apparent when he tells us that the doctrine of the "Immaculate Conception" of the Virgin Mary is not new, whereas all the world knows that it was propounded only the other day. Similarly, he alleges against the opponents of his Church, that "in their voluminous publications it is really difficult to find anything directed against what Catholics do hold and practise. All their laborious energy is spent upon setting up men of straw and knocking them down again." Then again he would have us believe, in these days of statistical science, that there are no data for ascertaining the comparative morality of Protestant and Roman Catholic countries. The fact is, that statistics are against his cause, and he dares not quote them. We shall conclude with noticing the writer's argument in favour of transubstantiation. After stating that "the Catholic doctrines of the Real Presence, of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, of Purgatory, of the Invocation of Saints, and, in fact, all the doctrines that the Church has decreed to be *de fide*, are infallibly true," he goes on to say:

So far as it is permitted us to reason on the fitness and suitableness of His ways, which are unsearchable, it seems fit and suitable that such a fact as that of transubstantiation should follow that of the incarnation. It is, as it were, in the same line of things, and serves to perpetuate the faith which has already undoubtedly received the great truth that "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us."

To this we reply, that once admit such an argument as this of fitness and suitability, and we know not where we may be landed or stranded. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary may presently be followed by something even still more monstrous.

The Greek Testament Roots, in a Selection of Texts, giving the power of reading the whole Greek Testament without difficulty, with Grammatical Notes, and a Parsing Lexicon associating the Greek Primitives with English Derivatives. By G. K. GILLESPIE, A.M. (London: Walton and Maberly.)—The English student who may wish to attain to some knowledge of Greek in as brief a time as possible, and above all to become acquainted with the Greek of the New Testament, would do well to provide himself with the present volume. He will find in it perhaps a greater amount of assistance than in any other single volume. Mr. Gillespie has laboured hard indeed to smooth the way for the beginner; while "to an adult, who has but partially forgotten his Greek Testament, this collection offers a concise manual, the perusal of which will speedily recall his lost power of examining the sacred writings in the original."

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Amian and Bertha, and other Poems. By EDWARD FOX, Author of "Poetical Tentatives." London: Newby.

FORTUITOUS events are to poets what the old lamp was to Aladdin: they always seem to have the power of building magical palaces. Philosophically speaking, there is no such thing as chance; but what could poets and novelists do without the doctrine of casualities? Lovers meet in very uncommon places, only to part and shed common tears. Any man may have some sort of reliance in his odds against Toxophilite; he may almost be certain that that noble animal's noble master is hourly inclining towards Jewish sympathies—we mean, that the present Premier is a very likely man to pass the Oaths Bill; but let a poet only manufacture a couple of lovers out of two chance stragglers in Greenwich-park, and it is almost an even bet that the aforesaid lovers will next meet in the crater of Vesuvius. We know

the weakness of poets in this respect, and rejoice to see that it is often the weakness of strong men; even as it is exhibited in the case of Mr. Fox. *Amian and Bertha* is a poem with some strange coincidences, such as we have said poets delight to employ, but which contains some very beautiful passages, some glimpses of rich home scenery, some truly English landscapes with their blissful variety. We cannot help thinking that one situation in the poem has a very questionable bearing—we allude to scene 2. Every portion of a poem should be an inevitable link of the whole, which this scene is not. We accept in the main the poet's "course of true love," which, according to the highest authority, "never did run smooth," and even its fortuitous surprises, as being less exaggerated than usual. This is not the first "Bertha" who, out in search of the romantic, has lost a joint of her horse's harness, or missed a linchpin from the wheel of her carriage—a kind of article not easily found in a country shop—and so, being compelled to seek the first humble roof, seriously bent on a blacksmith, has found instead that very Love which is said to laugh at the smith's art. We are not surprised that Bertha and Amian, mutually smitten, should meet afterwards by a sort of happy chance—people of this kind always do.

Oh! Casca, tell us what has chanced to day.

Neither are we startled because Bertha is previously betrothed,—such a lady generally is—but when the two lovers of Bertha, desparingly flying from her presence, meet on a vessel's deck, we experience a brief astonishment, but cannot help thinking that it was a very convenient storm which crushed the ship like a walnut, drowned one of the lovers, and so ended all disputes. Depend upon it, that if one half of the lovers in England were drowned in this way there would be considerably more peace of mind. All the situations we have named are the progressive stages of narrative; but scene the second is an episode which has no legitimate life, that is to say, it does not spring naturally out of the story. It is so very brief that it scarcely adds variety to the poem, and variety is the strict purpose of episode. The object of this scene is to show the generosity of Amian; but it is suggestive of other feelings than charity. *Amian* is a poet, at least in emotion, like Ernest Maltravers; and what is to prevent the reader coupling a young mother—for young we must suppose her—living in the secluded cottage of Amian, with that Alice whose frailty and childish nature we know so well.

She has really no business in the poem, for she plays no part in it, and after a brief introduction is entirely unnoticed and unmentioned. We must advise Mr. Fox to dismiss this very doubtful personage if ever his book reach a second edition.

After mentioning what we have treated as a defect—a very slight one, in fact, and easily remedied—let us proceed to the more genial task of pointing out those excellencies which really grace the poem. The style of Mr. Fox is healthy, and entirely unspastic. Compared with many of our young hot-brained aspirants for fame, there is a judicious absence of the figurative; but where a figure is employed we are sure to find it employed judiciously. He is generally chaste and correct, where others would have been gaudy and flashy. In his descriptive scenes he is, as a poet, what Gainsborough was as a painter. Through a certain homeliness of colouring we see how the beautiful soothes rather than startles. It has always appeared to us that the aim and end of beauty is to smooth the angularity of spirit rather than to gild it and make it conspicuous. If this be so, then has Mr. Fox strengthened our position.

The poet's character, Bertha, belongs to that class which Mrs. Browning did not originate, but which she adopted, but can hardly be said to have popularised. Woman, still preserving womanly feeling, is made the exponent of elevated idea. Critical penetration is no longer divided, as it used to be divided, from the outflow of feminine sensibilities. Why should those whom nature has invested with tenderest emotions be creatures merely of show and shallowness? The proudest stickler for masculine thoughts can scarcely answer that query satisfactorily. The Greeks understood this better, perhaps, than we; for in their mythology woman represents not beauty only, but intellect and power. It is easier to explain the physical than the psychological distinction of the sexes.

Amian is a poet by poetical necessity; less than this he would not have been plastic in the hands of Mr. Fox, and some of the finest situa-

tions of the poem would have been lost. His home, or rather his literary eyrie, is chosen high up out of "the hum and shock of men," of which Bertha says—her fine sensibility dwelling just then on the beautiful rather than the philosophical—

I see you dwell not here with common ends,
Nor toil like a day-labourer in the fields
Of knowledge and of wisdom, blind of purpose,
But seek the truth of cause, the power of aim;
Yet if I dwell here, I could scarcely bend
My thoughts to any high pursuit of wisdom.
I should be on the shore when the sun shone,
Singing wild songs unto the tune of waves,
And hiding in deep nooks, as if the world
Were seeking for me, though so far away;
And spreading my light sail, to glance along
With airy motion o'er the bounding sea,
Scaling the billows, by the tempest tossed,
And slumbering, when the winds were silky fine,
With them in the calm sunshine, whilst the deep
Held the hushed image of my bark and me.

This passage, as a quiet but passionate worship of nature, is a key to the mind of the poet.

Here is another picture, with genuine English significance:—

Here let me lean upon this rustic bridge,
And watch the river as it glides along
The soft-edged meadow banks, on either side,
Following a devious course with golden bloom,
Or sleek-haired rock, with trailing, grassy web,
Parts its smooth eddies as they dive and darken;
And under the low-bending, arching trees,
That almost sweep the stream, half rooted in it,
The clustering cattle cool their listless limbs;
Whilst sometimes on the broad-built massive trunk
Of these old trees, furrowed and gnarled with age,
Or on the cowering cattle's dappled hides,
The sunlight lingers full of quiet joy.

And here another picture, in which hot-blooded action takes the place of pensive regret, making recklessness a very condition of life. Who among our readers has not felt the bracing influence of such a moment when the heart is passing through its ordeal of doubt and pain:

Ah, this is gladness, this is real delight
Returned to me again. Along this moor
The turf is smooth and open; here and there,
Should there be ditch or turf-heap in my way,
My horse still crosses it with steady stride,
And every motion is a pulse of life—
A pulse of victory as it were—whilst still
Onward and onward swift we rush together.
Yonder's a white post glittering in the sun:
I'll reach it ere another minute's past.

And so, between action and despair, the life of *Amian* passes till he feels the "fresh sense of good," that is to say, his love is crowned in the true orthodox fashion. We have quoted sufficient to show that Mr. Fox is a poet of refined taste, of cultivated intellect, of rapturous sympathy with nature. Some of his lyrics, like the pulses of sweet melody, live, as it were, in the ear. Here is one which we select from a varied store. It is charming.

THE LILACS.

That was a right joyous season!
Sang the thrush outside the room,
Crept the fragrance through the window,
For the lilacs were in bloom.

One could sit and read and listen,
Half in sunshine, half in gloom—
Sunlight sweetest, shadow softest,
Where the lilacs were in bloom.

As in some Italian grotto,
When one listens for the sea,
And there comes but sweet-breathed silence,
In itself a melody:

So one waited for one's fancies,
There to murmur words of thought;
But the languid, loving brightness,
With no spirit-sound was fraught.

There was silence in the fragrance,
In the sunshine, in the gloom,
In the rest and in the gladness,
Where the lilacs were in bloom.

Sometimes in the garden trembled
Voices like a lullaby:
Sometimes village churchbells blended
Nigh and far, and far and nigh;

But within that chamber's shadow,
In the book-disordered room,
There was sweet untroubled silence
When the lilacs were in bloom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Narratives of Remarkable Conversions and Revival Incidents, with an Account of the Rise and Progress of the Great Awakening of 1857-8. By WILLIAM C. CONANT. With an Introduction by HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Derby and Jackson. London: Trübner.

THE Americans are a wonderful people. Whatever they do is done with such spasmodic energy. Whether it be the repudiation of a debt, the galvanisation of upholstery, the running of a steam-boat, the creation of a money panic, the performance of the tour of Europe, the getting up or the putting down of the slave trade, or the propa-

gation of horse-taming, in all things the national character comes out most powerfully and triumphantly. Everything is on the high pressure system. The things of this world, the things of the next, are all treated alike. Whatever they take up they "go in" for, and at present they seem to be going in for Christianity. Converting the heathen in the United States is now the rage—the fashion—the correct thing; and the desire to be converted keeps pace with the desire to convert. There are no hard arguments to be beaten out with the logical hammer; no doubts to be resolved, no opposing doctrines to be explained and reconciled; the heathen fortress capitulates before it is stormed. Men rush madly into spiritual recruiting shops, and come out again in a few seconds with their fingers blackened with the ink that has signed a batch of articles that they have not read—with the spiritual shilling in their pockets, and the spiritual ribbon flaunting in their caps. Men walk about as proud of being awakened sinners, as parish beadies are of wearing their new suits of clothes, or French stockbrokers of displaying upon the boulevards their grand crosses of the Legion of Honour. Women are delighted with the new excitement, and think it almost as good as crinoline. As for children, piety "is wrung from them like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit." The rattle is discarded for inky woodcuts of pug-nosed saints, and the piano is deserted for the theological effusions of the second cousin on the mother's side of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

The progress made is a standing reproach to our old, original, feeble Christians on this side of the Atlantic. Whilst they are whiningly asking, and asking in vain, "Who will help to turn a public house into a ragged school?" (that somebody else, on the other side of the street, may turn a ragged school into a public house), the whole nation of America is being gathered—aye, hustled into the fold, and the prairies are on fire from end to end with the light of Gospel truth.

And how long has this blessed state of things been in existence? What did it originate in? These are two very natural questions, and they are soon answered. The "awakening" is a thing of yesterday; and its creator was the stringency of the money market. It will be easily remembered that at the close of last year and the commencement of this, there was a monetary pressure of extraordinary severity, both in England and the United States. In New York paralysed enterprise lay panting in the streets, skulking at corners, and tipping in the liquor shops. Capital was not to be had; the currency was out of order; merchants suspended payment; banks found it useless to exchange one class of paper for another; clerks chewed tobacco; managers were not to be found. Those who possessed property and produce seemed inclined to keep it; credit was frozen up; the circulating function of the almighty dollar was nearly at an end.

As the moving spirits of the Union stood in idle despair upon the stagnant stones of the once busy Wall-street, it was found to be a necessity of existence that something should be done. But what? Billiards was expensive, and sling-drinking could not be carried beyond a certain point without a constant supply of ready money. In a happy moment the idea was hit upon of prayer. Yes, prayer seemed to be the only thing which would supply employment to mind, body, and soul, with the additional advantage that it could be entered upon without capital. And so at the end of October 1857, under the management of one Mr. Lanphier, a down-town missionary, was instituted the first series of the business-men's daily prayer meetings. The statistics of the movement are, that it began with three persons, increasing to six, then twenty, and so on, until meetings were multiplied in every part of the city of New York, and the example spread to Philadelphia, Boston, and other places, till there was not a town in the United States, except a few in the South, where the frozen-out merchants, like their brethren, the gardeners in the streets, had not taken to daily psalm-singing and office prayers. This pious enthusiasm has at last gained such force, that it continues unabated when the immediate cause that originated it has died away (April 1858), and confidence and trade are beginning to revive. Old Howel, who prayed when he washed his hands, and offered up a thanksgiving after putting on a clean shirt, is here beaten daily, in the middle of the nineteenth century, upon his own chosen ground. An army of stockbrokers who rush to read the share list direct from the chapel or the private prayer

meeting is a hopeful and a pleasant sight, and a happy augury for the future of the pious country that contains them. It may be that, as directors of public companies, they will not inspire that confidence which a scoffing and an unbelieving world is too tardy in giving to those who make the religious and the trading elements both work together for good. Certain of the unfaithful in England, who move with the fear of Paul (Sir John) and Cameron before their eyes, are too apt to hold that the minimum of dividend is often found to be allied with the maximum of prayer.

Amongst the results of the great awakening of 1857-8 have been the formation of special prayer meetings at all hours for policemen, firemen, boys, and waiters, and the conversion of Burton's old theatre into a chapel. The manager himself has expressed his contrition for the life he has led, and several actors (probably disappointed tragedians) have acknowledged the errors of their ways, and have resolved henceforth to favour the pulpit with that talent which was not understood and appreciated on the stage.

Crowded meetings are constantly held in this converted temple of the drama. Ministers hold forth from the front of the foot-lights; men are loudly moved to pious adhesion from the body of the stalls; women explain from the front of the gallery how their sons have been converted after the most vigorous and hardened resistance; men rise up in the centre of the pit and state how they went to bed infidels, and arose Wesleyan Methodists, Baptists, or Independents. A gentleman in the boxes reports that he told a rich distiller that he must give up salvation or the distillery, and, of course, he resigned the distillery; another speaker in the house pointed to eight visitors that he had brought in from the billiard table; a sailor in the orchestra wished a prayer offered up for his brother, who was of a quarrelsome disposition; a gentleman in the upper circle said that a friend of his, a sea-captain, had just come into port, having passed five ships the crews of which were singing hymns like angels; another gentleman in the upper circle had given up infidelity and Sunday newspapers together; a man on the stage was passing through the city upon business, and had found the place so good and pious that he resolved to remain there forevermore; two hundred awakened sinners in different parts of the theatre then requested to be prayed for; and a gentleman spoke favourably of his child, an infant three days old, and gave an account of an interview that he had just had with his eldest son, when that hopeful young man informed him that he had been converted by the Spirit at exactly half past nine o'clock that morning, and had run to the meeting-house to be enrolled, red-hot from the store, with his pen behind his ear.

Then an old gentleman in the dress circle brought the solemn proceedings to a close by proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Burton, the proprietor of the theatre, which took the form of a short prayer for his welfare. It was seconded by another old gentleman in another prayer, and carried unanimously by the "amens" of the audience. Mr. Burton, who was present during the proceedings, returned thanks by manifesting considerable emotion. While these pious formalities were being discharged, a sound of distant singing was heard. "Hush," said Mr. Beecher: "do you hear that? It is the singing in the old bar-room of the theatre. Let us spend two minutes in silent thanksgiving." To use the words of the historian, "with one accord 3000 heads were bowed, and for two minutes no sound was heard save the singing from the old bar-room, and the ripple of the gas at the footlights."

Of course, in such an assembly, the pulpit orators did not fail to avail themselves of the ornaments of religious eloquence naturally suggested by the character of the place. Much was said about the soul-tragedies that had been enacted in the building; and fancy played with unwonted brilliancy about the pit, which was compared to the bottomless pit—the everlasting pit—and the pit of despair.

The directors of the meeting certainly lost one splendid opportunity of improving the occasion. If the old scenery and properties had been carefully looked through, there is little doubt that from the neglected stores of some bygone pantomime a very fair picture of Pandemonium and its inhabitants might have been presented bodily to the eye, as an illustrative background to the lecturer in front, after the manner of the generality of modern "entertainments."

With the exception of the narrative of the

present revival, which is collected from the American papers of the last six months, five-sixths of the book before us is made up of accounts of remarkable conversions, from Augustine of Milan, in the year 372, down to Hedley Vicars, who lately died. These short histories are arranged in headed paragraphs, giving the book the appearance of a volume of anecdotes or a solemn Joe Miller. Some of the headings are curious, and highly provocative of reading, like the titles of many of the tracts circulated in this country, to which the histories, in matter and manner, bear a strong family likeness. We have—Conversion under hydrophobia; Conversion at the mast-head; Reporter converted; Awakened at the gaming table; Conversion of a little child; Revival resulting from an oversight; Conversion by shipwreck; Jesus loves idiots; Conversion of a child four years old; Father Hull at the ball; Unfeeling jailer converted; and The young convert's prayer in the ball-room. The wide scope of the conversions may be judged of, when it is stated that it extends from thieves and Indians up to lords and ladies. As to anonymous Christians, they are very numerous. We have awakened sinners expressed by Mr. A., Mr. B., or Mrs. C., and so on through all the letters of the alphabet. Anecdotes like the "Bethel Rock" show how people may be converted in a fright, though there may be a wide difference of opinion as to the value of such converts. The "Hellfire Club" is an interesting account of a convivial association, the condition of membership in which was that each man should produce a new and original oath every night of meeting. We do not like to accuse our Christian friends of a wilful mis-statement; but, as the scene of this cheerful gathering is laid in Bristol, England, we feel bound, for the credit of the country, to say that we have never before heard of its existence. Pious children who convert unruly parents are very numerous in the book, as are preachers who are turned into the way of truth by their own effective preaching. The story of the arrest of burglars up to their knees in plate, by a single-handed, unarmed, sudden burst of impromptu pulpit eloquence, is, we are afraid, too highly coloured to guide invaded housekeepers in a similar emergency. There is a large assortment of sermons to pirates and their results; death-bed scenes of scoffers, converted and unconverted; and experiences of cannibals, not altogether referring to indigestion.

The style of the book sometimes rises into a peculiar force. Speaking of Whitfield the preacher, our author says: "With his preaching he could galvanise the brickbat from the skulking miscreant's grasp, or sweep down in crouching submission or shamefaced silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair." Sometimes the style falls to the other extreme of a peculiar weakness. Rendering an anecdote of Lord Chesterfield attending a sermon of this preacher, where he represented by words and actions a blind man tottering over a precipice, our author makes his Lordship exclaim, "Good, good, he's gone." His Lordship, we will answer for it, was never moved to utter anything half so weak. His cry was, "Good God, he's gone!" which was a much greater compliment to the preacher, although the historian dare not record it for family and sectarian reading.

The book is like all books of its class—sent forth with a purpose, but sadly overstepping its bounds. It may gratify those who are already in the fold—it may light up the fire of enthusiasm in a few weak minds that are already tottering upon the brink of fanaticism—but it will not strengthen the true cause in which the compilers suppose it is written, nor obtain the support of those whose adhesion is worth having. Of Mr. W. C. Conant we know little; of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher we know that he clings tenaciously to the already fading skirts of his relative's Uncle-Tom-made reputation. His name upon the title-page, little as he has to do with it, is put there, we presume, to give an extended sale to the book—a proof that even pious publishers are not indifferent to the usual tricks of business. Notwithstanding the large amount of religious enthusiasm and external piety that we hear of in New York, we also hear that the bowie knife and the revolver are as dreadfully popular as ever. Let us hope that those who are suddenly cut off by these destructive brawls in the midst of life and health, belong to the class whose piety is ripe for plucking, and not to the unawakened sinners whom we have heard so much about through four or five hundred pages.

The Commerce of India: being a View of the Routes successively taken by the Commerce between Europe and the East, and of the Political Effects produced by the several Changes. By B. A. IRVING, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE direction of the public mind towards India is obviously the principal cause of the publication of this volume, which is in substance an essay written in 1852, in which year it obtained the Le Bas prize at Cambridge. It contains "a comprehensive view of the various changes which have occurred in the routes and character of the commerce between Europe and the distant East," tracing the history of the commerce entertained with that country by the ancients, and in modern times by the Italians, Portuguese, Dutch, Spanish, French, Danes, Swedes, and English. In his concluding observations the author recommends, as the panacea for all difficulties, whether arising from commercial, religious, or natural causes, the development of internal transit, by railway and other means of communication. In the part relating to the routes from India to England, we have looked in vain for something tending to throw light upon the vexed question of the Suez Canal.

The Primal Duties; or, Knowledge, Thought and Action. By ANGUS MACPHERSON (Paisley: A. Gardner. London: Houlston and Stoneman).—is an endeavour to illustrate the first duties of life by biographic examples. Pestalozzi, James Watt, Hugh Miller, Wordsworth, and Oberlin are adduced as instances of the love of truth as opposed to conventionality, the power of self-education, the faculty of struggling against adverse circumstances, the love of nature, and the liberal tendency of Christianity. Finally, Christ himself is given as the only perfect model. The leading idea of the book is praiseworthy, but its working out is sadly obscured behind that peculiar form of verbal fog which has been not inaptly termed Scotch mysticism.

Letter to the Right Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole from the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League (Glasgow). The Rise and Progress of Whiskey-Drinking in Scotland, and the Working of the Forbes Mackenzie Act. By DUNCAN M'LAREN, Esq. (Glasgow).—Two pamphlets in answer to an address lately addressed to the Home Secretary by the Licensed Victuallers, praying for the repeal of the Forbes Mackenzie Act. The substance of the reply is, that the Act has de-

creased the evils of drunkenness in Scotland, and that the only reason why it does not do more good is that it is insufficiently enforced.

India and the East India Company (Dublin: John Keeling. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—is a little manual containing a brief account of Hindoostan, from Alexander the Great to the time of Sir T. Roe's Embassy to the Mogul Emperor (1615); with the history of the East India Company in its dealings with the natives. After reviewing the present state of things in India, the writer enjoins toleration of the native religions, combined with more strenuous efforts to proselytise.

Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in Ireland. By ARTHUR MOORE. (Dublin: Thom & Sons.)—This paper which was read at the last meeting of the British Association, and contains a plan for bringing Ireland within a system of registration, similar in its results to those now in operation in England and Scotland.

The Dwellings of the Poor. By HENRY LEACH, M.A. (London: A. Heylin.)—This paper, which is by the curate of a London parish, is reprinted from the *London Quarterly Review*. It is a forcible and truthful representation of the deplorable state of things among the lower orders of our great towns, and goes further towards laying bare the roots of "the great social evil," than a thousand pseudo-sentimental letters in *The Times*.

Four Letters to Sir James Clark on Administrative Reform in relation to the Medical Schools and the Examining Boards. By ALEXANDER HARVEY (London: J. Churchill.)—These letters will be perused with interest by all who have the welfare of the medical profession at heart. Dr. Harvey is a physician of great authority in Scotland, and well qualified to be heard in such matters. He points out the evils which he believes to exist in the present system, suggests remedial measures, and invokes aid from the Scotch Universities.

The Indian Mutiny. By MAJOR R. WILBERFORCE BIRD. (London: Bosworth and Harrison.)—A reprint of two lectures delivered by Major Bird at the Southampton Athenæum. These contain a careful analysis of the present state of affairs in India by a man well qualified by personal observation to give an opinion. Major Bird accuses General Sleeman of prejudice, and states that there is much ignorance displayed by many who have pretended to inform the public. He recommends conciliatory measures, and, for the past, justice tempered with mercy.

Parliamentary Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the best Mode of Distributing the Sewage of Towns. (London: Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode.)—A most interesting blue-book, containing a report of the results arrived at by the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the best mode of converting the poisons of the sewers into a source of benefit and material wealth. These results are embodied in the statement of an opinion that the fouling of our rivers by the discharge of sewage into them is an evil which calls for immediate remedy; that, where it is practicable, it is better to apply the sewage directly in manuring land; but where this is not practicable, it is expedient to employ precipitating and disinfecting processes, even if the products do not repay the cost of such processes. By these two means it is suggested that the nuisance may be got rid of, or at least abated. For the metropolis itself a scheme is produced, illustrated by a plan. The main features of this consist in constructing an embankment on each side of the river, detached from the shore, and allowing of basins inside for the accommodation of the barges and wharfage. This embankment is to contain apparatus for the deodorisation of the sewage and the conversion of part of it into valuable manure.

Tracts for the Manchester School. No. I. *The Cotton Dearth.* By THOMAS BALLANTYNE. (London: Statesman office.) A pamphlet reprinted from the *British Quarterly Review*, in which Mr. Ballantyne, after a careful review of the whole question, recommends the manufacturers to apply some of their capital to increase the cultivation of cotton in India, instead of building mills, which only aggravates the evil.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Celt is very Irish and very anti-English. Everywhere we find hard words about "our Saxon rules," "British corruption," and the like. There is an article called "Provincialism Naturalised" written entirely in this spirit. The general literature of the number, such as "An Incident in the Life of an Irish Artist," "The Knights of the Pale," &c., are much better.

The Phytologist gives an abstract of a valuable paper by De Candolle, "On the Naturalised Plants of Great Britain." The list of "Lichens growing near Settle" is continued, and there is much general matter of great interest to botanists.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

SAINT-MÉDARD has been true to his time, and Paris rejoices. For many days past the heat has been intolerable; but the Saint, taking pity upon our broiled and wasted condition, has interceded for us, according to popular belief, and copious showers descend, cooling down the atmosphere agreeably, and delighting the heart of the farmer especially, who began to implore loudly for water. Saint-Médard, be it known, stands in the same relation to France as St. Swithin to England, and is regarded somewhat suspiciously. That is, if rain descend upon his day, however needful at the time, it may descend too copiously afterwards. It is not Saint-Médard, however, to whom was always attributed the good or evil resulting from his festival. The weather-wise people of France had the saying, centuries ago,—

S'il pleut le jour de Saint-Gervais,
Quarante jours seront mauvais.

But when Gregory VI. reformed the calendar, and "stole ten days," another saint had to be found to take the responsibility of Gervais, and Médard was the lucky or luckless one. The old saying was then replaced by a new one:

S'il pleut le jour de Saint-Médard,
Il pleut quarante jours plus tard.

A learned meteorologist has appeared to upset this wise saw by modern instances. M. Ad. Besigny, from tables published by the Observatory of Paris, has summed up the number of days it has rained in the course of forty days after St. Médard's day (the 8th of June) for thirty years, and has arrived at the following result:—When it has rained on the 8th June, there has been in fifteen years a total of 262 rainy days; on the contrary, when it has been fair on that day, there

has been in fifteen years a total of 260 rainy days. Two days, then, are all that are in favour of the Saint, and on the average of fifteen years he has only to account for seventeen wet days and a fraction of a wet day annually. If St. Swithin's day were tested in the same manner, the calculation would no doubt turn out in favour of his reputation. As regards books and book-makers, poets and artists, we shall take the liberty of running on with our jottings without any attempt at order.

And first, as he is the first man in Paris, to his own thinking at least, we take Dumas père, who has come forth with the first chapter of his promised work on cookery, under the title *Causerie macaronique*, where in he instructs us how to prepare macaroni for the table. Now Alexandre has the sincerity to tell us beforehand that he never swallowed a mouthful of the Neapolitan dainty in his life. How then can he tell us how to prepare it, to square with the general palate? As usual, he has had a collaborateur—not in Maquet this time, nor in Rossini, upon whom he calculated; but in the Marquis de Grillo, the husband of Madame Ristori it is said. The Marquis furnishes the recipe, and Dumas provides the literary dish.

M. Arsène Houssaye, author of the highly successful work, "*Quarante-et-unième fauteuil de l'Académie*," has brought forth a new work, calculated to add greatly to his literary fame, "*Le Roi Voltaire, sa cour, ses ministres, son peuple, son Dieu, sa dynastie*." The title is happily chosen as indicating the contents of the book; but, says an anti-Voltairian critic, "Voltaire is king by the grace of M. Houssaye, not by the grace of God." Be it so: the author has gone to

work conscientiously, and brings out in high relief the grand figure of Voltaire, the great agitator of the eighteenth century. The author takes care to tell his readers that he is not a Voltairian, for "he is of those who think that the best part of the human mind is the divine mind."

Les Amours purs, by the Countess de la Tournelle, is commended as a work of great purity—such an one as may be admitted into the drawing-room to be handled by ladies, which is considered much in these days. The romance of Ernest Feydeau, on the other hand, with the modest title of *Fanny*, is considered as fit only for the moral dissecting-room, where a soul stained by sin, a heart covered with every putrifying sore, is demonstrated by a clever professor.

Your article on the Lamartine subscription gave great satisfaction to such of the admirers of the *Univers* as understand the English language. The article of the *Times* on the same theme has provoked a severe one from the pen of the grand purist and self-constituted corrector of the morals of the press, M. Granier de Cassagnac, who regards it as an impertinence that Printing House Square should presume to read France a lesson on generosity. M. de Cassagnac considers that Lamartine has only himself to blame for his misfortunes; that these misfortunes have already had abundant sympathy in France; and that the advocacy of the English journal will greatly injure his cause in the eyes of his countrymen.

A discovery has been made in Florence, interesting to the literary world. A manuscript Dante has been found, supposed to be in the handwriting of Petrarch. The Grand Duke ordered the savant, Amici, to visit all the libraries in which there are manuscripts of Petrarch, and to take fac-similes

by means of photography, in order to compare them with the manuscript now lighted upon. Signor Amici visited in Milan, for this purpose, the Ambrosian library, which contains a Virgil, copied, it is said, by Boccaccio, but with notes in the handwriting of Petrarch. On one of the leaves is a note written on the very day when Laura died, and mentioning the fact.

Respecting another poet a discovery has recently been made. In the Cabinet of Engravings of the Imperial Library in Paris there is an engraving by Ledoyen, representing the "Confrérie de l'esclavage de Notre Dame de la Charité," established in the monastery of the monks of charity, by Pope Alexander VI. in 1665. Underneath are eight lines by Molière, which have hitherto escaped the notice of his editors. As they deserve, from their merit, to be placed on record, and to be better known, we transcribe them:

Brisez les tristes fers du honteux esclavage
Où vous tenez du péché le commerce honteux,
Et venez recevoir le glorieux servage
Que vous tendent les mains de la reine des cieux.
L'un sur vous, à vos sens, donne pleine victoire,
L'autre sur vos désirs vous fait régner en roi;
L'un vous tient aux enfers, et l'autre dans la gloire.
Hélas! peut-on, mortels, balancer sur la choix!

J.-B. POQUELIN DE MOLIERE.

The name of Molière, by a natural transition, leads us to say a word or two about matters theatrical. The Odéon is closed for the season; the Ristori has left us; but there are theatres open still, into which the Parisians pour nightly, to pant and perspire, and be pleased notwithstanding. A good business is being done at present in fans. Not a lady in the boxes but has her fan costing guineas; not a grisette in the galleries but has her fan costing humble sous; not a dandy who has not a spotless *mouchoir* to display when he wipes his brow; not a *gamin* who does not pull out a sorry *foulard* for the same necessary purpose. By the-by, to the *gamin* the stage has been shorn of one of its glories by Minister Fould, who has "put down" slang effectually. What with the editor of the *Réveil* on the one hand, and the Minister of the Interior on the other, we ought to become in time a very moral people. At the Opéra-Comique, a one act piece has appeared, called *Marinette*. The idea is Molière's, the words are Chazot's, the music Creste's. It is simple enough and funny enough to all who love fun and simplicity. The Gaité has produced the *Pont-Rouge*, a very moral drama, in which a favourite actress, Mademoiselle Duverger, makes a great figure. The lady, however, on the first representation, committed a grave error in the eyes of the manager, and in those of the authors of the piece, "the two Charleses," MM. Barbara and Deslys, in forgetting that she was taking part in a melodrama, and not in a vaudeville. The lady, in short, forgot that she was on the boards of the Gaité and not on those of the Palais Royal, to which she had been long accustomed. At one of the most moving situations, where her husband, Gabriel, takes the 30,000 francs from the pocket of the drowned man, the actress, until then so affecting, so cast down, began to lilt to the unbounded surprise of every one—

J' gagn' dix francs,
J' gagn' dix francs,
J' peux m' livrer à mes penchants!
J' gagn' dix francs,
J' gagn' dix francs,
J' ai d' quel m'ach' ter des rubans!

The wits call this act of forgetfulness "the dream of Mademoiselle Duverger." It is said, we cannot tell with what truth, that the prompter was instructed to remind the actress of her situation on every entry she had to make in the course of the evening, by whispering the words, "*Gaité! Melodrame! Pont-Rouge!*"

Of art and artists we have on the present occasion nothing much to say. Three portraits, beautiful specimens of textile art from the Gobelins, those of Philibert Delorme, Eustache Leseur, and Mansard, have been placed in their panels in the Apollo Gallery of the Louvre. The "Long Gallery," as it is called, is now open to its full extent, and presents to the eye a highly interesting and instructive history of the art of painting. We have here illustrated in chronological order the schools of Italy, Spain, Flanders, Germany, and France. It is worth more than a day's walk to go and visit the Rubens Gallery alone, since the pictures have been cleaned. They have been, *cleaned* mind, not *restored*—the Direction having very properly ordered that the effects of time on these masterpieces of

colouring should not be disguised by the craft of the picture-cleaner. Where stood the Jardin d'Hiver, on the left-hand side of the Champs Elysées, a space has been inclosed to exhibit pieces of sculpture from the chisel of a young artist, M. Lecheune, who is now terminating a group representing "Cupid Taming the Animals." The statues in the gardens of the Tuileries are, it is reported, to receive a new arrangement. But wise people here hold their tongues. Some individuals have been arrested for imprudent criticism, *vidé voce*, on the transmutations and disfigurements now going on in this quarter. One of the large central basins has been emptied of its water, and in a few days will be filled with earth.

Taking advantage of the licence we permitted to ourselves at the outset, we return to literary matters. We mentioned, at the time, that Proudhon's wild book, in three volumes, *De la justice dans la révolution et dans l'église*, had been seized. Most readers must be aware by this time, that he has since been brought before the tribunal of Correctional Police, accused of having attempted "to destroy morality, religion, and family ties;" and further of having, in his petition to the Senate respecting the seizure of his book, "traded the Roman Catholic religion established in France;" and that he has been condemned to a fine of 4000 francs, and three years' imprisonment. His publishers and printers have been variously fined, and sentenced to different terms of imprisonment for complicity in his guilt. The act of condemnation set forth all the peccant passages in the condemned volumes. We are of opinion that the publication of the act of condemnation will do more mischief than would have done the circulation of the volumes themselves. We do not pretend to justify a single one of Proudhon's doctrines; but we hold that to suppress the book and incarcerate the author is not the way to answer them. The laws in France respecting the press do not permit the publication of reports of trials for offences committed by the press; but eye and ear witnesses speak of Proudhon's trial as having been exceedingly interesting. The Government was determined to find the communist author guilty, and the Procureur Impérial, M. Cordoën, in person led on the charge with his powerful eloquence. The President, M. Berthelin, who is highly spoken of for his sagacity, urbanity, and spirit of fair play, directed the debate with commendable tact. The court was crammed with long robes and robes of more charming colour. Proudhon is described by Frederick Thomas, the advocate, as speaking with the solidity of a man who carries a system and preaches a doctrine, as having a too great disdain for public opinion, and a too great pride also. The instrument he handles is not a pen, but a battering-ram, with which he advances against every wall which offends him. No obstacle turns him out of his way; right onwards he advances, trampling beneath his feet, and crushing to pieces in his enraged gripe. But his pride is of a kind which finds admirers, and which produces imitators. His answer to an offshoot of nobility who had stirred his bile is not yet forgotten: "I have fourteen quarterings of peasantry, sir; can you count the same number of quarterings of nobility?" In private life he is exemplary. It is one fall of disinterestedness and good actions. His publishers say that it is impossible to find a more loyal nature or a firmer friend. He is temperate as a Carthusian; has the regularity of a Quaker; lives apart; and is inaccessible to every seduction.

The young orientalist M. Léon de Rosny, already distinguished by his *Introduction à l'étude de la langue japonaise*, and his *Dictionnaire japonais-français-anglais*, proceeds with the publication of a new work, which will prove of great value to scholars, *Recherches sur l'écriture*, &c. The work is intended to embrace a grand collection of alphabets, with fac-similes in colours and gold, and with a text giving a variety of archaeological, philological, and historical information, at once curious and useful. M. de Rosny gives an exposé of the writing of every people of the ancient continent from an epoch 3000 years anterior to our era, down to the present day, and much valuable information respecting the means employed by the natives of America to fix their ideas before the discovery of Columbus. We have perused the first numbers of the work, treating of the writings of China, of Japan, and the Corea, of the picture writings of Mexico and Yucatan, of hieroglyphics and of the different

writings of ancient Egypt, of the cuneiform characters found on bricks and on slabs from the celebrated cities of Asia Minor and Persia, from Persepolis, Babylon, Nineveh, Armenia, of the time of Semiramis, Sardanapalus, Darius, Cyrus, &c. These matters are too learned for us to speak upon with authority; but the work bears upon it incontestable evidence of zeal, industry, and ability.

A curious historical work has just appeared under the title *Madame de la Marquise de Pompadour et la société élégante du XVIII. siècle*. There has also appeared the first volume of a work of more than religious interest: *Histoire des trois premiers siècles de l'Eglise chrétienne*. The introduction is devoted to a detailed history of the religions and civilisations of the ancient world in their relation to Christianity. The author, above all, attaches himself to giving an exact idea of the state of the popular mind at the Advent. The history of the first century is conducted to the close of its first period, which comprehends the origin of the Church and all that concerns its primitive constitution, and its first external and internal struggles. Madame Louise Colet is a strong-minded French lady, who pleads in elegant and meritorious verses the rights of her sex. The *Paysanne*, the *Servante*, and the *Religieuse* are neat and vigorous poems. The *Correspondance de Boileau et Brossette*, edited by M. Laverdet and Jules Janin, will greatly interest those who are read in the literature of France at the epoch of Boileau, one of the few great poets of France, whose works may still be read for their practical sagacity and manliness.

Germany, like ourselves, can boast of its many poets for the million. Every week, almost, appears a new one. Carl Albert ushers into the world *Drei Dichtungen* (Three Poems), Ludmilla, Nero, Ariadne. Of Nero he tells—

Was in der Brust die Hölle ihm erschaffen,

which is awful enough. Of Ariadne he says—

Im Auge zieh'n die Blicke heit're Gleise,
Wie stille Schwärme auf des Wassers Brust,

which is pretty enough. In Ludmilla, a poem of German romantic material, he is perhaps most at home. *Richard, ein Seelengemälde* (a soul picture), by Rudolf Shuster, is a sad waste of time and paper. This is a kind of religious poem. Richard is a kind of Protestant Walther, whom the author permits to sink deep into the slime of sin, before Faith enlightens him as to the nothingness of this world. But again, to make room for a lady-poet, with the pretty name of Minna—Minna von Mädlar, whose maiden name is Witte, writes a really charming poem, *Anna, ein livländisches Lebensbild* (a picture of Livonian every-day life.) She carries us into a Livonian village, and places before us her heroine in conflict with stern, tyrannical necessity. Madame von Mädlar is a keen observer, and makes Anna very interesting. Let us mention a political drama, and with the poets we have for the present done. *Nimrod, ein Trauerspiel* (Nimrod, a Tragedy), by Gottfried Kinkel, sets forth a variety of modern political dogmas, which the general reader will not greatly care to be troubled with. The tragedy certainly contains, however, many fine passages; but we have no space for quotations. As pleasant a book as can be taken up in the way of light reading is from the pen of Moritz Hartmann—*Erzählungen eines Unstäten* (Narratives by an unsteady one—or, if you please, by a respectable vagabond.) You must follow this writer quickly. He starts from a prison-cell in the Parisian prison, Mazas, and, in no time, he takes you all the way to Bucharest. Back again you come to Berlin, then to Poland, then England, then the Lakes of Como and Geneva, then the Lakes of Killarney. He has seen much, and of course has much to tell. We shall not say how many interesting ladies he introduces us to. His more interesting chapters are: "Le mie prigione" (in which he narrates his arrest in Paris and his experiences in Bucharest, which at the time made some noise in the public journals), "The Samaritan Woman and the Patriots," "The Golden Hair and the History of two Kisses," "An Indo-Germanic History," "The banished Man," "Dur and Moll," "The Lady Consul," and a most witty one, "The Slipper." We conclude with drawing attention to Menzel's *Geschichte der letzten vierzig Jahre*. When Menzel writes, he is sure to find readers. He has a brisk, rattling style, and strong likes and dislikes. There is nothing negative about him. He hates the Jews, abuses emancipation. Thiers he always calls "little Thiers," and the "hero of small talk." Guizot, Thiers, and

Dupin, he characterises as the "miserable man who have dared to play so long the History of France." He rejoices in that Napoleon destroyed the independence of the University professors. Louis-Philippe is "the hoary usurer." In short, good reader, if you wish to find good abuse well laid on, peruse the pages of Wolfgang Menzel.

GERMANY.

Freundschaftliche Briefe von Goethe und seiner Frau, &c. (Familiar letters from Goethe and his wife to Nicolaus Meyer, in the years 1800-1831.) Leipzig: Hermann Hartung.

Among the many collections of Goethe-correspondence this is perhaps the smallest in bulk, and from an intellectual point of view the least significant, that has been given to the world. Yet the students of Goethe's biography will readily indorse the prefatory dictum of their editor, that, as these letters "open up to us a glimpse of Goethe's domestic and family life in Weimar, such as is afforded in no other correspondence, they offer, as a not unimportant contribution to Goethe-literature, much that is valuable in its novelty." The anonymous editor might have substituted with perfect truth "in no other work" for the words "in no other correspondence" of the passage just quoted. A few scanty notices of Goethe's wife are all that are given, or probably could be given, in the most elaborate biographies of the poet; as those, for instance, by the German Viehoff, and the English Lewes, published before these letters to Meyer had appeared. Here, for the first time, so far as we are aware, she figures in print as a letter-writer, displaying pretty freely her own character, and incidentally throwing curious light on the household life of the author of "Faust." It would be absurd to pretend that Goethe's wife exercised any great influence on the poet's intellectual development, or was a very remarkable person. Still, all that relates to great men in their domestic as in their public and inner life, is welcome. In days like these above all, when indefatigable literary inquirers find encouragement to hunt up the biography of Pope's great-grand-uncle's grandfather, these truly "familiar" letters from Goethe and his wife will not lack a friendly reception and a proper appreciation.

The "Nicolaus Meyer" to whom the letters are addressed is not to be confounded with the well-known friend of Goethe's, Heinrich Meyer, who figures conspicuously in the "Annalen" and much of the published correspondence of the poet. Sooth to say, the editor himself, who gives an interesting biographical sketch of the correspondent of Goethe and his wife, is obliged to confess, with excusable surprise, that "neither by Goethe himself, in his works and published letters, nor by Goethe's friends anywhere, is there mention made of a man who was for so many years in confidential relation with the prince of poets." Meyer belonged to an estimable and reputable family of Bremen, the free and thriving Hanseatic town. Destined for the medical profession, he went, a youth of twenty-two, to complete his studies at the famous university of Jena, and he soon made the acquaintance of the great poet of neighbouring Weimar, then in his fiftieth year. Besides his devotion to comparative anatomy, which deeply engrossed Goethe, Meyer must have possessed some very attractive qualities, for he became at once an inmate of the poet's house, in which he spent the winter of 1799-1800. Settling afterwards as a physician at Bremen, and subsequently at Minden, Meyer approved himself through life an effective man and a useful citizen. He combined with a large practice an active zeal for philanthropy, and for the cultivation both of science and literature. He edited for upwards of thirty years a weekly paper at Bremen; and German literature owes to him a valuable edition of the Low-Dutch epic, "Hennink de Hahn," as well as various novels and poems. Germany holds many such men; and Goethe's circle of acquaintance must have been a valuable one, when Nicolaus Meyer was one of its least noticeable members. After his departure from Weimar, Meyer saw Goethe seldom in the flesh. Once he had resolved to settle in the German Athens. The Duke of Weimar named him a "Rath" (councillor), and a house was taken for him by Goethe right opposite his own. Circumstances, however, intervened to prevent the realisation of the purpose. But almost to the end of Goethe's life

there was friendly communication between them; and when one of Meyer's sons, grown up and intended for an artist, visited Weimar, the aged poet performed towards him all the kind offices which, thirty years before, he had shown to the father. Meyer himself died, full of years and honours, in 1855.

In his wicked review of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," when it first appeared in English in Carlyle's translation, the late Lord Jeffrey made fun of the endless references which it contained to eating and drinking. Indeed, his Lordship, to account for the abundance of details respecting the pleasures of the table, framed the theory more ingenious than correct, that German authors, being all poor and hungry, naturally allowed their imaginations to run riot in pictures of feasting and gormandising. His Lordship might have learned from this Meyer correspondence that Goethe's social position was not such as he fancied it to be; but he would certainly have made merry with its continued allusions to the good things of the table. Between Goethe in inland and ill-provided Weimar, and Meyer in the well-stocked emporium-town of Bremen, there is the strangest interchange of presents and commissions. Goethe, for the most part, sends literary and artistic wares, books and prints, pictures and medals. Meyer reciprocates with the palatable products and delicacies of North Germany. Counsels as to poetic and scientific study from the master alternate curiously with acknowledgments of the receipt of good things sent by the disciple. How Lord Jeffrey would have laughed at such expressions as the following from the author of "Faust":—"We were surprised to receive from you the barrel of oysters. It arrived during the warm weather, and the contents were most enjoyable." Or this:—"The welcome present of the barrel of herrings arrived appropriately at the right time, as this food was then considered here rather a rarity." Again:—"I shall only announce the due arrival of the wine and butter, the most delightful products of the earth, since with us butter is used in the place of oil." The critic of the *Edinburgh Review* would scarcely have failed to contrast with Goethe's gustatory enthusiasm the cold tone of the following note, which announced his too-tardy marriage. The battle of Jena, fatal to the independence of Germany, was fought on the 14th Oct. 1806. The occupation and sack of Weimar ensued. On the 20th, Goethe writes to Meyer the following note, and announces, as will be observed, his marriage in a postscript! The "reigning Duchess" is her Serene Highness of Weimar, and "the Emperor" the First Napoleon.

Weimar, the 20th October, 1806.

We are alive! Our house escaped as by a miracle the sack and conflagration. The reigning Duchess has with us survived the terrible hours. Her we have to thank for some hope of future weal, and for the actual preservation of the Schloss. The Emperor arrived on the 15th.

It is noteworthy that these days of calamity were accompanied and illuminated by the liveliest sunshine.

To brighten these melancholy days, I and my little house-friend yesterday formally entered into the state of holy matrimony; with which notification I beg of you to dispatch to us store of butter and other transportable victual.

And hereby hangs the tale—which is partly known to English readers of "Lewes' Life of Goethe." Many years before, Christiana Vulpius, "a little blooming blonde," of social position much inferior to Goethe's, had taken up her abode with him. The moral tone of Weimar and Germany was not as that of England is, or as it is even now among our Teutonic kinsmen. Christiana Vulpius had not changed her maiden name when Meyer lived in the Goethe-house. Yet that respectable physician, with a wife and family, thought it no harm to correspond with her as with a friend; and from her own letters it is evident that her position did not prevent the great folks of Weimar, and the literary notabilities of Germany, from visiting the house where she was hostess. What seems strangest of all to our English notions, she, with their only child August, a boy of six, accompanied Goethe on a visit to his mother at Frankfurt, his native city, and where the elder Frau Goethe occupied an eminent social position. Christiana Vulpius has been often described as a dance-loving and pleasure-enjoying little lady, who nevertheless paid great attention to Goethe's comfort and economics, and at last whose devotion to him during the French occupation of Weimar he recognised

by a marriage which legitimised their only child. Yet, although for Goethe's sake Christiana received some social recognition in their pre-matrimonial days, there was ever present with her the consciousness of her true position. There is a deep moral in such expressions as the following, in letters to Meyer, whom she clung to, even at a distance, as a true and early friend:

The Geheimrath (privy councillor, her customary designation for Goethe) has now for three months scarcely had an hour of good health, and there are even times when we cannot help thinking that he must die. Just think of me then, who, besides yourself and the Geheimrath, have not a friend upon this earth—and you, dear friend, at such a distance, are as good as lost to me. You can fancy, if such a calamity befell—and I stand so quite alone—how it would go with me.

And again:

O God! when I think that a time may come when I shall stand so quite alone, many a fair hour is spoilt for me.

In the lady's correspondence, of course, even more than in Goethe's own, there are constant demands for butter, lampreys, port-wine, French wine, and missives announcing that marmalade and Weimar fruits have been dispatched to the absent friend. Withal, in Christiana's slipshod, free-and-easy letters, there are the traces of a woman far from altogether frivolous, and by no means uncultivated. Gossip there is, and great anxiety for lampreys; but a devotion to Goethe and his comfort pervades it all. Christiana did not suffer the misery which she foreboded, of surviving Goethe; but other and self-inflicted calamities were in store for her. She lived with him as his wife, no longer subscribing herself "Christiana Vulpius" but "Christiana von Goethe," for ten years; but during the last three of these there are no notes to Meyer. The unhappy woman succumbed to a passion for stimulants. Often did Goethe's friends seek to persuade him to put her away, but he steadily refused.

Frau von Goethe (says the editor of the present volume) died on the 6th of June, 1816. Her husband was deeply moved. A. von Sternberg, in his recent "Memoirs," avers that Goethe, the ever-composed, knelt by her bed-side in a state of distraction, grasping her hands, and exclaiming, "You will not forsake me. No! no! you cannot forsake me."

Probably the fatal habit was contracted in those earlier hours of remorse, or bitter apprehension, for which Goethe was responsible. Nor was this his solitary punishment. His only son, a man of talent and promise, inherited his mother's vice, and died a miserable death, when the father, in his 82nd year, was himself nearing the grave. For the second time Goethe's heart was broken. Great poets, as well as small prosaists, must obey the laws that govern the world and society, or accept, like their less gifted fellow-mortals, the stern penalties of disobedience.

ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, May 17th.

The late Mr. Bartholomew, and Studios of Sculpture in Rome.

GENERAL regret has been excited among those interested in art and artists here, by the event which has added to the obituary of the present month the name of a sculptor, cut off prematurely in a career of high success and promise, Mr. Bartholomew, a native of the United States, who had, particularly within the last five years, attained more than common distinction, and was esteemed as one who had accomplished much, but given proof of possessing powers from which greater accomplishments might be expected. He died at Naples, aged about thirty-six, shortly after his arrival in that city in quest of health, which had long failed him, the attack which proved fatal being one of bronchitis. For several years his appearance had been that of one destined to a short life, and the feebleness of his frame enhanced admiration for the energies manifest in his works, his application to art being fervent, indefatigable, and enthusiastic. His studio had long been among those most attractive to visitors of taste, and during late years had been filled by works on subjects very various, but all displaying ability of treatment. One of the most admired was, and still is (for it remains here, though recently sold at advantageous terms), a beautiful and highly interesting statue of "Eve Penitent." The "Genius of Commerce," for some public place in a princi-

pal American city, is another statue remarkable for spirited originality and a certain boldly appropriate character; and "Ganymede" carried away by the eagle, "Sappho" with the lyre, are others that may well claim attention in this studio.

The works recently finished and now in progress at the studios of sculpture here are numerous. Within the last twelve months have been erected in Roman churches three monuments, all executed here, to illustrious men—Tasso, Cardinal Mai, and the sculptor Finelli. The first, by Fabris, had been in the studio some years before its final location, after a subscription had slowly supplied the requisite funds, in a richly adorned chapel at St. Onofrio, the church of that Jeronymite monastery where the great poet spent his last days and left his mortal remains. I have already mentioned this monument in your pages, and can only add that, seeing it now in its completed state, I find it impossible to bestow "a single sou" of approbation to qualify the unfavourable opinion formerly expressed.

The monument to the Cardinal, by Benzeni, I have already described, as truly worthy of both the illustrious scholar and the artist, whose name stands now, among Italian sculptors, only second to Tenerani's. That to Finelli is by Rinaldi, whose design was preferred in a competition, and erected in St. Bernardo, a church formed within part of the ruins of the Diocletian Baths. It presents the deceased sculptor's portrait statue, with two allegorical female figures, and several reliefs, one reproducing Finelli's most admired group, now at Turin, of St. Michael and the vanquished Satan—assuredly one of the grandest productions of modern Italian art.

Tenerani's monument to Pius VIII., now considerably advanced, promises to throw into shades of obscurity all but the few by Canova and Thorwaldsen among the Papal mausolea at St. Peter's. It is to be placed in an aisle above the entrance to the corridor of the sacristy, and consists of a group, comprising the Saviour, Saints Peter and Paul, and the Pontiff—the Divine Being represented sitting on a throne, at the summit, with arms extended to receive in mercy the suppliant presented to Him by the two Apostles, whose figures stand laterally to the basement of this principal statue, that of the Pope being placed, kneeling, at a lower level. Jacometti, whose reputation was raised high by his two groups, the "Traitor's Kiss of Judas" and the "Ecce Homo," both in the atrium of the "Scala Santa," has lately finished a "Pietà," or group of the Virgin, St. John, and the Magdalene, with the Dead Christ, to be executed in terra cotta, for a rural church now being built in one of the mountain districts near Rome—a fine composition, in which the various expressions of sorrow are well contrasted with the calm awfulness of death. But another work, generally spoken of by the same title, though more properly to be called a "Deposition from the Cross," by Achtermann (a German artist long resident here), has excited greater attention, and received unanimous praises of late. This is a colossal group in marble, representing the moment when Joseph of Arimathea lowers

the body from the cross, St. John and the Virgin receiving its burden, whilst the Magdalene kneels to kiss its feet. The effect is striking—I might say, dramatic—at the first glance exciting interest and emotion by a pathos simply but forcibly expressed, and that sense of reality which cannot but partake of the sublime, when such is the subject brought palpably before us. It is destined for a chapel in the cathedral of Munster, whither the artist is going to superintend its erection. The Pope visited his studio expressly to see this remarkable work, with whose merits the illustrious visitor expressed himself highly pleased; and another critic, whose authority rests on very different claims, Mrs. Jameson, has spoken very highly, within my hearing, of this, the most admirable group Achtermann has yet completed. He has executed another "Pietà," with the sole figures of Mary and the dead Christ, already placed in the same cathedral of Munster; and it is to sacred subjects that he principally devotes himself. The preference for such is, indeed, becoming more marked, to judge from the present contents of several studios here. Imhoff, a Swiss, and Hoffmann, a German, almost entirely devote themselves to this class of Scriptural or other sacred subjects. By the latter was finished, some time ago, what struck me as decidedly the most original and effective work of his I had ever seen—St. John seated at the feet of Christ, looking up into the face of the Divine Master, for whose accents he seems to wait with tender reverence, full of love and trust, that seem corresponded to in the benign dignity with which those accents are conveyed. Many of the finest and now most generally admired works of Tenerani and Benzeni are in subject either sacred or religious—as (by the former) the "Deposition from the Cross," the "Angel of the Resurrection," the "Martyrdom of Eudorus and Cymodocea," and (by the latter) the "Madonna" of the Immaculate Conception, the "Assumption," the "Infant Mary" instructed by her Mother, and "Eve" at the first moment of temptation. Luccardi has lately been finishing three statues, all possessing dignity and beauty, for the cathedral of his native city, Udine—a "Madonna and Child," a "St. John Baptist," and "the Saviour," with arms extended in act of blessing. This artist's name may be remembered, as a good deal brought into notice about three years ago, when his monument to Metastasio was erected at Vienna, in the church where that poet's remains are laid. He has a studio filled with a great variety of works on subjects sacred and profane, poetic and mythologic; among others, a small model for a group of the "Death of Abel," that struck me as one of the finest in conception. I may mention, as sculptures belonging to the same class, produced within recent years in Rome, all more or less successful and interesting—"Jephthah and his Daughter," by Wolff; the "Magdalene at the feet of Christ," and the "Parable of the Ten Virgins" (represented in two figures only), by Rinaldi; the same subject (executed previously), by Shakspeare Wood; an "Ecce Homo" and "St. Francesca Romana" (the latter now filling its place in the series

of founders of religious orders at St. Peter's) by Galli; a "Guardian Angel with a Child," by Bienaimé; "Adam and Eve," in the first moments of remorse after their fall, by Imhoff; the "Angel smiting the First-born," by Gnaccherini; the "Angel and Sleeping Child," by Spence; the "Return of the Prodigal," by Mozier. Obici has nearly finished, in the marble, his "St. John preaching in the Wilderness," to form a companion to Michel Angelo's statue of Christ on the opposite side of the high altar in the principal Dominican church here. It is a striking and very finely-characterised figure, with a certain wild grandeur of aspect that seems to admonish, to prophesy, and denounce. The artist's idea of the subject, as he explained it to me, is that it should present a type of manly vigour and beauty, only to a degree subdued and emaciated by the effects of a mortified life. Turning to works whose subjects do not partake of the sacred character, I might particularise many of merit and interest among late productions in sculpture belonging to the poetic and mythologic provinces—as the "Erminia," "Rinaldo and Armida," "Cassandra," the "Lady of the Lake," "Jeanne d'Arc," by Rinaldi, a veteran but still most energetic artist. His portrait statue of Adelaide Ristori as the Comic Muse will be regarded with more interest now than when first exhibited, and may be supposed an admirable likeness of the great actress as she looked some twenty years ago. Gajassi's "Bacchante," slumbering in the fatigue after a mystic frenzy, is an elaborately-finished figure, lately executed in the clay, with something poetic in the dreamy languor of the head and whole attitude, but not, I thought, altogether pleasing, and likely to be objected to, in some countries at least, on grounds of delicacy. He has designed a monument to Palladio, destined for a piazza at Vicenza, consisting of a single portrait statue, standing calm and self-collected, wrapt in a mantle, on a lofty pedestal—thus to supply the want of a public memorial to the celebrated architect, no sculptured record to whom has yet been erected, except in the cemetery where his remains lie, at the same city. Gajassi's "St. George," as he now styles a figure in mediæval armour, originally intended for the personification of military prowess on a monument to Bolivar erected at Lima, is one of his most successful—quite the *beau idéal* of the romantico-heroic. In the province of poetic subjects may be classed a pleasing and graceful statue, begun during the winter by Mr. Cardwell—"Cinderella," in act of trying on the momentous slipper, with a costume of light drapery, simple enough for her humble station, yet treated in a manner suitable to the dignity of this art; and as she looks down with an expression of pleased surprise, exciting interest by the character of purity and sweetness happily displayed in this figure. Another recent work of this artist, full of life and vigour, is a "Hunter," kneeling with one knee on the vanquished stag, seizing its antlers, and with one hand blowing the horn to summon his comrades, executed on a small scale in bronze, and recently ordered by the Marquis of Londonderry. C. J. H.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

At the Linnæan Society a communication was read noticing the destruction of a hive of bees by parasitic fungi, generated in the abdomens of the insects; a similar circumstance was mentioned as causing the death of flies in autumn. Professor Huxley made a communication relative to the structure of the nautilus, pointing out several errors in previous descriptions, and showing a point of great interest as to a provision in the body for bathing the internal organs with sea-water, by means of an external aperture through which the water is admitted. Some fossilised tubes found in the London clay at Highgate were exhibited: these tubes generally contained cylinders of clay, at the bottom of which were discovered, the dried skins of worms, the worms even in some instances being alive. A communication was made of the discovery of large *eggs* near the banks of the river Amazon. This plant fossilised abundantly in coal formations, and was believed to be extinct. These plants were twenty feet high, the stem being about the thickness of a man's wrist.

A paper by Dr. Williamson, at the Ethnological Society, on "the frontal view of the skull generally, and particularly on the form of the anterior nasal aperture, as a means of assisting in distinguishing the various races of men," led to considerable discussion. This mode of viewing the skull is peculiar, not depending on frontal development alone, but embracing also the top of the skull and the measurement of the base. According to this view the human race was divided into four classes—the first having the smallest nasal aperture, the eyes closer together, and the form of the head oval; the second exhibiting the cranium flatter and the eyes more apart; the third includes an overhanging and forbidding brow; in the fourth the face is flat, while the orbits of the eyes and the nasal aperture are of the largest size. This classification, however, was found to produce strange anomalies, as Europeans and New Zealanders, whites and blacks, were then confounded together. It was suggested that classification according to phrenological development would produce a more correct mode of estimating the difference of skulls. At all events, a new field of investiga-

tion has been opened, which may prove of value in future ethnological inquiries.

A correspondent of the *Lahore Chronicle* announces the fact that gold is found in all the rivers of the Punjab, before they leave the lower range of the Himalaya. The spot usually chosen by the native washers is the junction of small tributary streams with the main rivers. The process is rude in the extreme: some sand and gravel is scooped up by the hand, and placed in a wooden platter, and then subjected to several washings; yet even in this way the washers contrive to earn from two to four annas a day. The gold has never been found in any other shape than that of minute dust.

A description appears in the *Stirling Journal* of a new machine named a guanometer, invented by Mr. R. Smith, analytical chemist, of Blackford, for the purpose of testing the quality of guano and other manures. The guanometer is divided into four degrees, each of ten parts. A measure tube is filled with the guano to be tested, previously reduced to powder; this tube is nearly filled with water, which is stirred up

and then allowed to settle. When the guanometer is placed in it, the surface of the water will indicate the degree upon the scale of the quantity of soluble matter contained in the guano. Should the guanometer indicate two degrees and two parts, the guano is of excellent quality; but if it indicates only one degree and three or six parts, the sample is generally adulterated with pounded limestone, brick dust, clay, or other valueless materials.

A model of an autographic telegraph, the invention of Signor Bonelli, the director of Sardinian telegraphs, was exhibited at the late exhibition of the manufactures of the Sardinian States, held at Turin. In a machine on one side of a room, a slip of prepared paper, looking as if silvered, and on which a sentence is written, is inserted. This machine communicates with another at a little distance by an electric wire; a slip of yellow paper, inserted between two small rollers, receives in its passage a green stripe, upon which appears the fac-simile of the writing on the paper put into the first machine. It is stated that this is effected by a chemical and electrical combination, and, although only at present tried across a room, is nevertheless considered applicable for any distance or for submarine communication.

The council of the Institute of Actuaries have determined to apply the interest of a legacy bequeathed by Mr. Messenger, amounting to 180 l. 3s. 11d. three per cent. consols, as a prize to be competed for by the Associates, for the best essay on any subject selected by the Council.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY, MAY 20.—Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B. presided, in the chair. Messrs. W. C. Paterson and G. Barry were elected Fellows. Dr. Angus Smith read a paper "On the Air of Towns." The author had not been able to detect ozone in Manchester; but at some little distance it was easily recognisable when the wind was not blowing from the town. The air of Manchester was always acid, and the rain-water so acid as immediately to reddens litmus infusion. The author employed permanganate of potash as a reagent for estimating the amount of organic matter in the air. Among other results he found that a definite amount of a standard solution of the salt was decolorised by 22 measures of air from the high ground in the neighbourhood of Preston; by 9 measures of air from an open street in Manchester; by 5½ measures of air from between some small houses on the banks of the Medlock river; by 2 measures of air from a closed carriage full of passengers; and by 1 measure of air from the back yard of a house in a low and closely-built neighbourhood. A very noticeable difference was observed when blood was agitated with different varieties of air. Contrary to expectation, the air of the town was found to exert a greater reddening effect than the air of the seashore.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, June 14.—Architects, 8 p.m. 1. The Discussion on Mr. Burgess' Paper will be resumed. 2. Mr. Wyatt Papworth, "Notes on the Assumed use of Chestnut Timber in the Carpentry of Old Buildings."—Geographical, 8 p.m. 1. Messrs. Green, Hahn, and Rath, "Account of an Expedition from Damara Land to the Oranjo, in Search of the River Cunene." 2. Lieut. C. A. C. De Crespigny, "Ascent of the River Limbong, Borneo." 3. Mr. Thomas Hopkins, "On the Fine Regions of the Trade Winds." 4. Mr. J. Turnbull Thomson, "Survey of the Southern Districts of Otago, New Zealand." Tuesday, 15.—Statistical, 8 p.m. 1. Mr. Wolton, "On the Occupations of the People of England and Wales." 2. Mr. Willich, "On the Population of England and France." 3. Mr. Roberts, "Report on the Congress de Bienfaisance at Frankfurt, 1857." Wednesday, 16.—Microscopical, 8 p.m. Thursday, 17.—Philosophical Club, 8 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Linnæan, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Dr. Hofmann "On Ammonia."—Philosophical, 8 p.m.—Royal, 8 p.m. Saturday, 19.—Astrical, 2 p.m.

ART AND ARTISTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The exhibition at the British Institution, of the works of ancient masters and of deceased British artists, opened this week. The collection is, on the whole, of considerable interest. Of masters of the early Italian schools there is an unusual display. The additions lately made to the National Gallery have called public attention a good deal to this class of works; and the number and importance of those which are now congregated at the British Institution shows how rich this country has become in specimens of this kind. Formerly the Dutch masters, and the works of the later Italian schools, were the highest aspiration of private collectors. Now it seems that Italy is ransacked for the works of painters whose very names were hardly known among us a few years ago. There is here a wonderful gathering of the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci and his school. Original works from the hand of the master himself are of the utmost rarity. It is well known that he did not himself produce a very large number. That which has the highest pretensions to authenticity here is the "Vierge

aux Rochers," the property of the Earl of Suffolk, which we believe we saw in this gallery not many years ago. Faded and embrowned by age, it is still a work of extraordinary power and beauty. What must it have been when the flesh colours were in their first lustre, and when the flowers, rocks, and details now scarcely discernible, but which the painter laboured with so much care, were as they first came from his hand. Of not less importance than the last-mentioned picture, some may think of more, is a copy of the celebrated "Last Supper," made by a pupil of Leonardo, D'Oggione, and which is, we presume, the most valuable existing record of that now lost work. The ravages which time and neglect, and worse still, the destructive ignorance of Italian monks, have made upon the original work, have been the abundant theme of indignant expostulation. Something does indeed still exist on the convent wall, but it cannot be called Leonardo's painting. Here we have a really noble full-sized copy in all the brilliancy of its original colour, with no arms or legs cut away nor surfaces peeled off. This fine work belongs to the Royal Academy, and has apparently been lately cleaned with care. It is a pity that it does not occupy a place, if only as a lodger, in the National Gallery. Two very interesting studies of heads for the picture, attributed to Leonardo himself, are also here. The "Virgin and Child" (5) does not look powerful enough for Leonardo, but we will not undertake to say whether his hand may not appear in it. The face of the Virgin resembles somewhat that of the Virgin in No. 6, attributed to Luini, the pupil of Leonardo. The pictures (8) and (11) are both more of the Luini type. There are several curious works of Carlo Crevelli (who flourished at the beginning of the 15th century) which display originality and power, though they are not always pleasing. The little figure of St. Catherine (22), and the Magdalen (24), we prefer to the larger works. The "Virgin and Child with Saints" (27) by Marco Palmigiani, (1513—1537) is a remarkable work. It is instructive to see how these early painters worked over the same subject again and again, striving at expression rather than variety. A strange ideal world was that in which they lived and worked, peopled with saintly personages wrapt in meditation. These productions, hard and crude as they are, have a certain air of solemnity in their very oddity and grotesqueness. The Italians of those days could not have been a very beautiful race, if we judge by the models which the painters chose, or by the portraits which they have left us. Look, for instance, at "Isotta di Rimini" (17), by Pietro della Francesca (d. 1484)—she was, no doubt, thought a beauty in her day. Works by Ottolano, Lorenzo di Credi, Filippo Lippi, Luca Signorelli, Nicola da Faenza, Sandro Botticelli, and Benozzo Gozzoli, all belonging to the earlier part of the 16th century, may be compared here with those of a later date, when painters had become more worldly and luxurious. Most of these important pictures are the property of Alexander Barker, Esq., who is also the possessor of a beautiful work of Giorgione (34), containing the portraits of himself, his mistress, and pupil. The woman is evidently the same as the one who figures as the mistress of Titian, in the well-known painting by that artist. Byron notices this picture, which he saw in the Manfredi palace, and calls the portraits those of Giorgione, his wife, and son.

The middle room is devoted principally to the Dutchmen, and contains two or three fine portraits by Rembrandt; a grand, mellow, sunshiny landscape by Both; a capital "Cowshed" (88), by Teniers. Besides these are two charming saints by Murillo, "St. Justa" (71), and "St. Rufina" (78), and a very large and singular picture, by the same master, entitled in the catalogue "A Saint with two Monks walking on the water" (99). Has the name of the saint passed into oblivion? We would like to know something about so strange a history. It appears to us that the party are not exactly walking, but sailing upon the water upon an outspread cloak, and we have some faint recollection of having read of the occurrence somewhere. On the shore are two or three fishermen, and some gamins who do not appear to be surprised by the transaction, and are not even looking towards the water. The work is a singular specimen of Spanish realism. It is painted with bold nonchalance, nothing religious or saintly about it—it is a plain setting forth of an occurrence which the painter himself might be supposed to have witnessed one day upon the coast. The sea behind forms a spacious background, and gives great largeness to the picture.

The south room brings us to a more modern stage of art; we find ourselves in company with Reynolds and Gainsborough, Wilson and Moreland, of all of whom there are pleasing specimens. An early landscape by Reynolds (177) shows us the principles upon which he began his career. It is an imitation of the blackened backgrounds which he had seen in works of the Venetian school. Probably it may be taken from some picture of Titian's, thickly coated with dust and varnish, and which the painter himself would hardly have recognised as his own. Gainsborough, Wilson, and Moreland, are all nearly as conventional, and seem to have looked at nature but in a limited way. The landscape by

Turner (167) shows the turning point, when a new order of things began. Still, in spite of all, we believe that these three representatives of the English school of the eighteenth century will continue to hold their own for years to come. There is, in truth, no *ultima ratio* in art, except the individual genius of the artist. You may prove logically, certain principles being assumed, that Wilson is false, conventional, unnatural; still the mellow warmth of his evening skies will give pleasure. Gainsborough's trees may acknowledge no physiological laws; but they will continue to make the hearts of unsophisticated beholders expand with a kind of affection towards the man who painted them. Here is a charming little sleeping child (150), by Hilton—a perfect gem of its kind; an early work by Uwins, a "Neapolitan Mother mourning over her Dead Child" (186), a masterpiece of Rembrandt-like effect. Two groups of George III. and Family, by Zoffany, are a curious record of the costume and taste of the last century. Of architectural painting "The Pantheon" (107), by Pannini, and "St. Mark's Place, Venice" (96), by Canaletto, are excellent examples. The latter shows the net touch of the artist in great perfection.

A miniature by Isaac Oliver (123), the "Head of a Priest" (128) by Van Eyck, a portrait of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk (124), by Holbein, and a "Female Head" (109) by Bellini, are all excellent specimens and worthy of particular attention.

FOLEY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.

In a few weeks from this time, according to present arrangements, this noble statue will be shipped for Calcutta, and we earnestly advise all who feel any interest in the progress of British art to see it ere it is removed from the quadrangle of Burlington House, Piccadilly. Sculptors ought to be deeply indebted to Mr. Foley that he has so admirably fulfilled his task. The exhibition of this work is especially acceptable at this moment, when, as we pointed out a few weeks ago, the cry is so ripe that sculptors of our own land are incapable of great works; yes, the exhibition of this great work is most opportune, as it will give the clearest and most unmistakable contradiction that could be given to such assertions, and therefore sculptors, as well as the public, owe Mr. Foley their hearty thanks. It was a happy chance for Mr. Foley's own fame, and equally a happy one for art, that this commission was placed in his hands, for he has produced a bronze equestrian statue that may, and will, challenge comparison with any work of the same kind yet produced, not even excepting Rauch's Frederick the Great at Berlin; and from all we can gather, there is not to be a duplicate of it erected in England. Could such a thing occur anywhere but in England?

It is great praise when we find coachmen and grooms telling their fellows to go and see it—"for it is a horse,"—aye, and it is a man also, and a fine manly soldier, that strides that horse; and thanks to you, Mr. Foley, for showing the world that an equestrian statue can be produced in England, admirable in all respects, great breadth and vigour of moulding, the rider actually sitting upon the horse, and one mind pervading the whole. Messrs. Elkington have also shown we need not go to Paris, Berlin, or Munich for bronze casting, but that we can also do that at home.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

GREAT amusement has been excited at the readiness with which the Ministry have availed themselves of the absence of Prince Albert, to knock one of his schemes on the head. Mr. Punch, treating the matter with his accustomed humour, says in his "Essence of Parliament"—"It is well known that at this moment our land is without a Prince Consort, the illustrious Field Marshal having gone to Berlin to see his daughter, Mr. Punch's pet. In H. R. H.'s absence, the Ministers hurry down to the House, and announce that they have given up the idea of taking the National Gallery to Kensington-gore, and that the Royal Commissioners are to pay back the 180,000l. advanced by the Government, and keep the land to themselves. Mr. Punch, whose admiration for the F. M. and all his plans amounts almost to fatuity, cannot trust himself with remarks upon such an act, and with a blush of shame and indignation, dashes down the pen that has reluctantly recorded it."—Mr. Behnes is preparing the model of a statue of Havelock, to be placed in Trafalgar-square. The figure is erect, the attitude stately and soldier-like, and the countenance of firm, noble, and generous mien. The likeness is said to be excellent, it being designed from a photograph taken a few weeks before the battle of Lucknow. Lady Havelock, with other members of the late General's family, have visited the studio, and testified their approbation of the design and the strict resemblance of the features.—In the "Further Correspondence between the First Commissioner of Works and Sir Charles Barry, relating to Estimates and Expenditure upon the Works of the New Palace at Westminster," lately printed on the motion of Mr. Tite, Sir Charles denies that he has ordered any works without the late First Commissioner's sanction, and asserts that he has never failed

to give every explanation and information in his power, whenever required by the late First Commissioner, upon this and all other subjects.—The *Builder* says, that between seventy and eighty designs for the proposed monument to the late Earl of Ellesmere have been sent in for the approbation and selection of the committee, and they will shortly be placed for public inspection in the Royal Manchester Institution, previously to the best being chosen and the award made. The merits of the models are as various as their designs. The choice will be substantially between half a dozen of the best models.—The collection of antique gems belong to F. Pulszki, Esq., has been arranged and catalogued by Messrs. Howell and James, of Regent-street, and is now exhibited by them in a room specially devoted to that purpose. The collection, which is exceedingly interesting in an historical point of view, apart from its artistic and intrinsic value, consists of a complete series of rare and beautiful specimens of gem engraving, illustrating the progress of the art from the earliest period to the present day. Among the finest specimens may be mentioned an amethyst statuette of Minerva, six inches high; a front face of Jupiter and Serapis, of Greek workmanship; a bust of the Empress Plotina, the face of 'plasma, the head and hair of yellow jasper; a cameo of Alexander the Great, with the bust of Hercules for the reverse, a gem not only interesting on account of its exquisite workmanship, but also from the peculiarly choice and beautiful onyx on which it is carved. In the case of intaglios, the head of a Muse, by Dioscorides, from the collection of Count Wiczay, who purchased it for 800 gold ducats (350*l.*). Another head of a Muse, numbered 244 in the catalogue, is a fine Greek work, which was formerly in the possession of Lord Bristol, Bishop of Devon, and one of the finest in his collection, being a ring he always wore personally. No. 236 in the catalogue is a head of Augustus, which bears a remarkable resemblance to Napoleon the Great. Among the coins will be found the head of Ariadne, which was found in Sicily, and presented by the municipality of Palermo to the Austrian General Count Salis, who sold it to Count Wiczay for 300 ducats.—At Messrs. Foster's gallery, in Pall-mall, the following pictures, mostly by English artists, were disposed of:—"A Landscape," by T. S. Cooper, A. R. A., 20*l.* 1*g.*; "First Class: the Return," "Second Class: the Departure," 420 *g.*; "Abraham and his son Isaac proceeding to the Sacrifice," by J. T. Linnell, 280 *g.*; "King Lear and the Fool in the Storm," by W. Dyce, R. A., 100 *g.*; "The Village Bridal," 200*g.*; "A Coast Scene near Hastings," by C. Stanfield, R. A., 160*g.*. The ninety pictures realised upwards of 3,360*l.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

THE last two meetings of the Society of Antiquaries have been devoted to papers on old forms of punishment, and judicial combats. The secretary, Mr. Akerman, was the author of one curious paper on the ancient executions by drowning, and considered it as a Teutonic form of law, comprising a punishment and a sacrifice in one. He gave curious instances of this; and cited many such executions throughout the middle ages down to the seventeenth century. The discussion, or rather "conversation," that ensued among the members afterwards, diverged into all sorts of descriptions of hideous executions—"mair of horrible and awfu'" than was at all warranted by the subject-matter in hand. Mr. Carrington ventured to treat his paper on combats more jocularly; and spared his hearers the reading of old Welsh and Anglo-Saxon, but gave much curious general information on this old semi-legal and really barbarous mode of trial, which was only repealed at the commencement of the present century. The proceedings of last Thursday evening began with a very interesting paper on old leaden "Pilgrims' Signs" recently found in the Thames. It was from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Hugo. An enamelled casket of the time of Aylmer de Valence was exhibited, which bore the arms of his family and its branches.

Proprietors of rare coins may look gleefully at their cabinets: coins seem fated to rival "curiosities" in the general market. Much as the Strawberry-hill and Bernal sales were laughed at by the uninitiated in consequence of the high prices given by the *cognoscenti*, they have been going higher ever since. Coins kept a steadier course, and did not seem affected by the increase of collectors. But the sale of those forming the cabinet of the Rev. Mr. Dymock last week, seems to prove that they are to have a strong upward tendency in prices. The Denarius of Brutus, with the cap of liberty, and "The Ides of March" inscribed on it, commemorating the death of Caesar, sold for 20*l.* 10*s.*; not so remarkable, perhaps, as the price obtained for an East Anglian sceatta (originally worth one halfpenny), which cost its fortunate possessor 52*l.* 10*s.*, a price never before heard of for such an article. A penny of Ethilheard, Archbishop of Canterbury, which used to be considered worth ten or twelve pounds, mounted up to 45*l.* The more modern coins realised equally good prices. A groat of Edward VI. sold for 25*l.* 10*s.*, and a pattern for a threepence of Elizabeth for 21*l.*

Mr. M'Laughlan's survey of the great Roman wall—the most important and curious remain in England, constructed to keep off the incursions of the northern tribes, and stretching across the country from the mouth of the Tyne to the Solway Frith at Bowness—is just completed, under the auspices and at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland, who deserves our warmest thanks for this really patriotic work, particularly as his Grace had good reason to feel chilled in his zeal by the cold manner in which his advances toward the Society of Antiquaries had been received, when he proposed that that body should form a committee to assist his researches.

Roman Gaul has been hitherto as little investigated or cared for as Roman Britain; and very important remains have failed to be noted, or have been utterly destroyed. Last year the town of Dax, in the Département des Landes, which was surrounded by walls of Roman work and entered by gates constructed by the same ancient people, one of the most remarkable architectural monuments of France, was partially destroyed by the town council. Recently the Emperor of the French has signified his intention to cause the remains in France of the Roman period to be more completely investigated. During the last few years ecclesiastical antiquities alone have been patronised by the French Government. M. de Caumont, Director of the Provincial Institute, at the late Paris Congress proposed a regular inquiry into the fact of this exclusive patronage of church antiquities. It was a bold step to take; but it succeeded. The Emperor quickly perceived its drift, and acknowledged its justice by issuing a decree for the investigation of the Roman inscriptions, the *castra*, the roads, and, in short, the numerous remains of the Roman domination throughout France. For this wise measure M. de Caumont and the Emperor share our respect in equal degrees.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

OPERAS AND CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

ON Friday, at Her Majesty's Theatre, Verdi's opera, *Luina Miller*, was produced for the first time in this country. The story, as many of our readers must be aware, is taken from Schiller's "Cabale und Liebe," which has also supplied our own stage with the drama, "Love and Intrigue." In the character of the heroine, Mlle. Piccolomini has added another to the already long list of triumphs which, in spite of her undeniable musical deficiencies, this charming actress and popular *prima donna* has deservedly achieved. Judging from the applause on Monday night, the rôle will take a place in her *répertoire* at least equal to Violetta, Zerlina, and Susanna. The part of the Duchess Frederica was admirably filled by Madame Alboni, and that of the young Count Rodolpho by Signor Guiglini. To Signor Violettelli fell the part of the old Count, and to Signor Castelli that of his creature Wurm. Signor Beneventano sustained the character of old Miller with less heaviness than is his wont.

On Thursday the same opera was repeated before a crowded house for the benefit of Mlle. Piccolomini, when the enthusiastic applause with which she was received proved the popularity of the fair *cantatrice*. It will also be repeated to-night, and on each occasion it is followed by the beautiful *divertissement*, *La Reine des Songes*, in which Mlle. Marie Taglioni wins all hearts and hands by the harmony of her twinkling feet.

Among the arrangements at Her Majesty's Theatre it may be mentioned that *Lucrezia Borgia* will be revived on Thursday next, with a cast that cannot be equalled in England.

The public still continue to favour Mr. E. T. Smith's laudable endeavours to give them good music at a price more like what is levied upon Italians by Italian artists, than the sums which the folly of the public permits operative managers to ask for here. *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *Rigoletto* have been the great attractions for the week, and it is simply stating the truth to say that the performances are worth more than the money. Mr. Smith announces that he has completed engagements with Mme. Persiani and Mme. Viardot Garcia, and that both of these are to appear during the coming week.

At Covent Garden things are gradually getting in better order. *Il Barbiere* was given on Tuesday; *Lucrezia Borgia* on Thursday; and *Fra Diavolo* is advertised for to-night. According to the connoisseurs in the stalls, the new *ballerina*, Mlle. Zena, does not make any very remarkable impression.

Miss Leffler's concert at St. James's Hall on Monday evening passed off much to the satisfaction of the audience and of the *bénéficiaire*. Miss Leffler (she was supported by Misses Dolby, Messent, Van Noorden, and Arabella Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Sims Reeves) gave "Wapping Old Stairs" and "The Rustic Gate" in a style which proved how worthy she is of her parentage.—The fifth Philharmonic Concert for the season attracted a large audience of subscribers and the public on Monday night. The programme was selected from Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Weber, Beethoven, and Cherubini; and the exquisite performance of Herr Rubinstein upon the piano, especially in the

elegant little varieties in the second part, was justly rewarded with enthusiastic applause. The concert was conducted under the able direction of Professor Bennett.—The fifth concert of the Vocal Association was given at St. James's Hall on Wednesday night, and was well attended. The great attraction of the evening was the performance of Schubert's *Rondo Brilliant* by Herren Joachim and Rubinstein, the former accompanying the latter upon the violin. Herr Joachim afterwards played Tartini's *Song du Diable*, and Herr Rubinstein two solos of his own composition. The principal vocal attractions were Madame Sherrington, Madame Rudersdorff, Misses Messent and Dolby, and the members of the Vocal Association. An obligato on the clarinet by Mr. Lazarus was not the least of the many attractions of the rich and varied programme.—The fifth *matinée* of the Musical Union took place on Tuesday, at the St. James's Hall. Herr Joachim and Madame Szarvady were the leading performers. The programme commenced with Haydn's quartett, No. 67, which was rendered with great expression and finish. In the Mendelssohn quartett, Madame Szarvady (Wilhelmina Clauss) was the principal, and played with extreme delicacy and refinement. She showed off to most advantage in the *étude* and *improvisé* of Chopin, and in these was all that could be desired. The Beethoven quartett was played magnificently.—The second Opera concert took place at the Crystal Palace yesterday, this time under the conduct of M. Costa. The principal vocalists were, Mesdames Bosio, Grisi, and Nantier-Didié, Mlle. Marai, Signori Gardoni, Graziani, Neri Beraldi, Tagliacis, Zelger, Soldi, and Mario. The programme consisted principally of selected pieces from operas in the modern *répertoire*, and Madame Bosio was greatly applauded for the manner in which she gave "Cara nome" from "Rigoletto."

CONCERTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Herr L. Jansa's Seventh Annual Morning Concert, Hanover-square Rooms, 2*g.*—Herr Carl Deichmann, Willis's Rooms, 3*g.*—Misses M'Alpine's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms, 8*g.*—Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper's Concert, Willis's Rooms, 8*g.*
Tuesday.—Musical Union *Matinée*, St. James's Hall, 3*g.*
Wednesday.—Mr. H. C. Allison's *Matinée Musicale*, Willis's Rooms, 2*g.*—Mr. Hullah's Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Martin's Hall, 8*g.*
Thursday.—Miss Laura Baxter's Concert, Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, 8*g.*—Mr. Charles Halle's Classical Chamber Music Concert, Willis's Rooms, 3*g.*

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE question as to whether Madame Ristori will or will not appear this year has been settled by the announcement of her appearance on Wednesday next at the St. James's Theatre, in an adaptation of Shakspeare's *Macbeth*. Considering that the great drawback to her success in this country has been the smallness of the theatres in which she has hitherto appeared, it is certainly not mending matters much to go from the Lyceum to the little *bombonnière* in King-street. If Madame Ristori had waited for a year, until the new Opera-house is in something like decent order, she might have appeared upon a stage in some degree worthy of her transcendent merits. The announcement limits the number of her performances to twelve; but there is no reason to suppose that that will be adhered to. In addition to her old *répertoire*, Madame Ristori will appear in an Italian edition of *Phèdre*, and also in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, in both of which opportunity will be afforded for contrasting her qualities with those of the late Mlle. Rachel. She will also appear in Alfieri's *Ottavia*, and in Marivaux's comedy, *Le Fausse Confiance*.

Madame Persiani is engaged to appear at Drury-lane for the season, in *I Puritani*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, &c. Other engagements are pending of a most important nature, and all (as Mr. Smith says) for a shilling.

On Thursday evening a great attraction was presented at St. Martin's Hall, in the shape of Mr. Dickens's new reading, called "Little Dombey," in which he achieved as great a success as he has done in any of his previous readings. Never were his admirable qualities as a reader more manifest than in the fine touches of humour which abound in his famous novel. The concluding part of the reading—the scene at the deathbed of Little Dombey—was a great achievement of tragical power, and his touchingly truthful imitation of the dying child's voice caused many of the ladies to weep.

Some correspondence has lately appeared touching the old complaint about the ticket-office nuisance. Opera-boxes and stalls are advertised at a certain price; but the public, on applying at the theatre, find that they can get none there, but must purchase from a set of harpies or middle-men, who buy up the tickets in advance, and charge a profit by this system of forestalling. The managers urge that they cannot remedy this; but that is simply nonsense. They know these middle-men and their business, and they can remedy the evil by refusing to sell them any tickets. The fact, however, is, that some of the managers like the system and favour it, because it saves them trouble, and insures them, as it were, a certain sale. If they disapproved of the system, why do they sell places to the ticket-office keepers at a discount?—The American papers have printed some curious correspondence which passed between Mr. Charles Mathews and

his present wife, before they were one. For a Giovanni of fifty the temperature is certainly rather tropical.—The Madrid journals state, that in the course of a performance a few nights since at the theatre of Valencia, at which the Queen of Spain was present, several pigeons having been let off, one of them "lighted on her Majesty's head and remained there some time flapping its wings; the Queen caught the bird and gave it to one of the ladies of her suite, with orders that it should be taken particular care of."

THE THEATRES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the sultry set-in of the weather, the theatres fill; and indeed they are for the most part so well ventilated, that we know no corridors or saloons that are cooler. They also keep on with their approved dramas; and there has been no novelty but the piece produced at the Olympic on Saturday evening. It is by Mr. Tom Taylor, and is entitled *Going to the Bad*. Of course Mr. Robson is the hero, and he has an eccentric part provided for him. He is a rich, well-educated young man, enjoying the plebeian name of Peter Potts, and naturally well disposed, generous and kind-hearted; but he has made love to a high-flying lady, who has no idea of marrying a man of five feet four when she can get one of six feet, and a dragon officer into the bargain. She therefore, after a fashion, jilts Mr. Potts, and he accordingly becomes, if not exactly a blighted being, curdled, and all his human kindness is turned to gall. He takes to the Satanic business, but cannot be a villain though he tries very hard. He determines to return the affection of a humble but charming young creature, Lucy, by trying to seduce her; he deceives his friend in money matters; he revenges himself on his former lady-love; he insults her father; he gets very drunk; and he involves himself in two duels. He, however, is at last cured of his demoniac fit, and makes full amends for his outrages. He marries Lucy; he serves his friend; and he declines to commit murder under the pretence of being honourable. This extraordinary character, which might have been made a psychological development, and put beside Mr. Robson's Daddy Hardacre, has been treated in a half burlesque and farce style by the author; so that where we might have been interested we have instead the excitement of a horse laugh at some extravagant and outrageous misconduct. For instance, to complete his evil intentions he goes to a fancy dress party as Mephistopheles and gets extremely tipsy, and so intermingles absurdity with genuine feeling that we take no serious interest in him or his fortunes. We must say this turn of the drama disappointed us; and we think the same feeling pervaded the intelligent and cultivated audience that were present to do especial honour to Mr. Robson, it being his benefit. We gathered this from the countenances of the audience, ever a better guide to their genuine sensations than any noisy clapping of hands. The other characters were very carefully played. Mr. Addison was especially artistic in a fighting major, never overstepping the rigid character; Mr. H. Wigan was amusing as a fussy barber; Mr. George Vining well dressed as a dragon officer, and still better in the disguise of an old Scotch dowager. Miss Wyndham was the pretty and good Lucy; Miss Herbert the flirt and jilt, Miss Dashwood; and Miss Bromley a pert maid. The piece was put on the stage in the very best manner, with two or three set scenes; and was so far successful as to be announced for constant repetition.

Mr. Lewis Ball, a comedian who has obtained considerable reputation at Sadler's Wells as a personator of Shakspeare's clowns and other eccentric characters, has been added to this company, and made his first appearance here on Monday night, in the part of Tom Polish, in Planché's farce of *The Cabinet*.

The other theatrical event of the week is the transportation of the entire Adelphi company to the regions of St. George's Fields, Mr. Webster having taken the Surrey for a fortnight. We were curious to see the effect produced by this complete alteration of the usual Surrey bills, and went over to watch the mood in which Adelphi fun and Adelphi pathos would be received. It might be supposed by those not intimately acquainted with theatrical affairs that what would please in the Strand must necessarily please elsewhere; but the modern drama is by no means so universal in its power and application. What is wit on one side of the Thames by no means passes for such on the other; and melodramatic pathos that melts the audience to weeping at one theatre, may be disrespectfully received at another. We have heard the uncourtous "cut it short," stop a high-class tragedian in the very tempest of his passion; and a sneer rebuke the merriment of even a Wright when away from an audience made his own by long familiarity. On Monday, however, no such *contretemps* took place. The audience, chiefly pit and gallery, listened calmly to the opening of *Green Bushes*, and were but moderately excited by the grace, address, and fine bal'et acting of Madame Celeste. They, however, warmed as the melodramatic crisis proceeded. The low comedy of Paul Bedford and Selby, as the showman and his man, created considerable laughter, though it was not received with the thun-

dering and echoing applause with which the pleasantries of the Widdicombe are wont to be acknowledged. If the real criticism of the place could have any literary utterance, we have no doubt that, though the new comers would be courteously tolerated, yet they would by no means be considered as superseding the more legitimate and older possessors of the theatre. As a novelty the new company will probably find it profitable for the term they have announced.

The promises at the theatres are few, but the production of the *Merchant of Venice* at the Princess's, to-night, will serve the theatrical coterie with sufficient pabulum for discussion for the ensuing week. The eulogists will have a large subject for their amplifications, and the opponents, if any, will have to sharpen their arguments to make any way against the golden opinions the manager has contrived to obtain from so many parties, persons, and papers. It is to be noted that Miss Reynolds appears for the first time as Lady Gay Spanker, in *London Assurance*, on Wednesday next. Also that the Haymarket season is about to come to a close, as the theatre is to be shut for two months, to undergo extensive repairs and thorough re-embellishment; and more stirring intelligence than all, Madame Ristori commences a very brief engagement at St. James's Theatre, on Wednesday, in the Italian version of Macbeth.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE attention of Lord Malmesbury has been drawn to the inconvenience occasioned by the rules with reference to access to the foreign correspondence at the State Paper Office. His Lordship has directed that authority will be given to the Master of the Rolls to permit any State Papers in his custody belonging to this department, of a date prior to 1688, to be copied by historians without the approval of the Secretary of State, as heretofore. The obtaining of this privilege, so valuable to historical students, is in consequence of an application by Mr. Hepworth Dixon.—The Head Mastership of Archbishop Tenison's School, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, has been conferred upon the Rev. Charles F. Milner, late theological student of King's College, London.—The annual meeting of the National School Society was held on Wednesday at the Sanctuary, Westminster, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair. During the reading of the report the ballot was taken for members to serve on the committee, the result of which was that the three old members were re-elected, and the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Richard Twining filled by the election of the Hon. Arthur Gordon.—The trials of Mr. Truelove and the Polish bookseller, for alleged libels on the Emperor of the French, are fixed for Friday, the 18th inst., before Lord Campbell and a special jury, in the Court of Queen's Bench. The Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Welsby will conduct the prosecution for the Crown; Mr. E. James, Q. C., Mr. Phinn, Q. C., Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Simon are retained for the defence.—The *Journal of the Society of Arts* contains a notification to the Institutions in union that the seventh annual conference between the representatives of the Institutions in union and the Council will be held on Thursday the 24th of June, at ten in the morning. Mr. Wentworth Dilke, chairman of the Council, will preside. The chairman of, or representatives from, the several local boards of examiners are invited to attend the conference, as matters connected with the arrangements for the next year's examinations will be brought under consideration.

—The one hundred and fourth anniversary dinner of the Society of Arts will take place at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on the same day (the 24th inst.)

—The local board of examiners, appointed by the Society of Arts under the new arrangement, have examined 1108 candidates, of whom 337 desire to undergo the final examination.—It is understood that the annual distribution of prizes to the students in the institutions forming the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire, will take place in the autumn at Manchester, under the presidency of the Duke of Montrose. Last year Lord Brougham presided.—The soirée of the Manchester Athenæum will be held this year in the Free Trade Hall. The time has not been stated, but it will probably take place during the third week of October, and Lord John Russell has promised to be present.—By the African mail advices have been received from Dr. Baikie and party to the 31st of March. The Doctor was encamped near Rabba, whither Lieut. Glover, R.N., and Mr. May, R.N., were on their way to join him. Dr. Berwick was at Lairdstown, with part of the crew of the *Dayspring*. The *Sunbeam* was at the Bas river entrance of the Niger on the 22nd April, waiting for water to ascend to the confluence. All were in the enjoyment of health.—The *Malta Times* states that among the passengers by the *Madinina*, from Tunis, was Lady Franklin, wife of Sir John Franklin, whose fate, as well as that of his intrepid companions, is still a matter of mystery. Her Ladyship's health being impaired, she is revisiting those shores friends and scenes hallowed by memories now sacred to her, when Sir John Franklin, in com-

mand of a ship of war, was attached to this station. Lady Franklin left for Athens.—We see in the *Bombay Guardian* that, through the influence of Dr. Wilson, of the Bishop of Bombay, and others, there has been added to the list of subjects to be examined on for degrees in the University, "The History of the Jewish Nation, Evidences of Christianity, and Moral Philosophy."

The editor of the *Indépendance Belge* gives a direct contradiction to an assertion of the Paris correspondent of the *Times* to the effect that different editions of that journal are prepared to suit the tastes of different countries. The *Times*, however, after publishing the misstatement in English, gives the contradiction in untranslated French. "It is completely false," says the editor, "that the *Indépendance* suits its editions to the governments, or rather the countries, which receive them." The only alteration made is, "when the *Indépendance*, before its suspension in that country (France), contained some document which it was well known the Imperial Government would not suffer to be circulated."—M. de Pène, the victim of the military conspiracy to murder, is recovering. According to the last accounts he was able to take a little solid food.

—The Paris *Presse* dwells on the absurdity of members of a profession or corporation rendering a writer responsible for sarcastic remarks addressed in a collective shape. It thus expresses itself:—"An insult may dishonour a man, but it cannot seriously affect a group of men; the isolated individual is insulted and avenges himself, but the profession in group remains invulnerable, and disdains attacks which inflict no injury, since they are aimed at everybody. Fortunately this collective susceptibility is entirely of modern origin. Otherwise the profession of comic author would have been impossible. Had the magistrates and doctors of former days been susceptible and intolerant, the 'Plaideurs' of Racine and the 'Malade Imaginaire' of Molière would never have been written. Racine would have been killed by Dandin, and Molière by Thomas Diafoirus. The idea alone is terrible. Let us also imagine the massacre of the innocents which would have been accomplished by the Jews, had they called out all the writers who depicted them as misers and usurers. Were this idea of collective susceptibility to be adopted, duels would swell into pitched battles, and the world would soon end from want of combatants."—The *Times* correspondent at Paris says:—"The *Times* of Friday was stopped at the Post-office yesterday, and has not since been allowed to circulate. An article on the duel of which the unfortunate M. de Pène is the victim is alleged as the cause. I cannot believe that this stupid act of authority is with the cognisance or consent of the Emperor.—We learn from Corfu that certain libellous publications, written by a Greek fugitive, have been seized. The Athenian journal, *L'Esperance*, stigmatises the impunity granted by England to libellists.—A duel was fought at Madrid, on the 3rd, between M. Ribéra, the editor of the *Discussion*, and M. Calvo Ascensio, the editor of the *Iberia*. The parties were placed at fifteen paces distance, and fired three shots each without doing any mischief. The seconds then interfered, declaring that "honour was satisfied."—In Belgium a new translation of the Scriptures, in Flemish, is about to be published by a very intelligent Roman Catholic professor.—People in want of a sensation and eager to see something new are flocking to Naples, in spite of King Bomba and the terrors of the Neapolitan police. Vesuvius is the great attraction; for the mountain which recommends itself to the lovers of good cheer by the production of *Lacryma Christi*, is now shedding scalding hot tears of lava in the form of a great eruption. Needless to say that this great natural *feu d'artifice* carries the day against all rival exhibitions. Let us hope that the event will not be without its moral to King Bomba, by reminding him that, though he has a beautiful kingdom, it stands upon a volcano.

OBITUARY.

CRAMPTON, Sir Philip, Surgeon-General of the Forces, died at his house in Merrion-square, Dublin, on Thursday morning. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, Sir John F. Crampton, K.C.B., British Minister at St. Petersburg. No one will be appointed to succeed him as Surgeon-General of the Forces, because there is no such office, and the late baronet has held it for some years only in an honorary sense.

BROWN, Dr. Robert, of the British Museum, on the 10th inst.—(Vide p. 287.)

KELLY, M., one of the principal water-colour painters of France, and a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of Paris. The deceased was 69 years of age, and he died at the village of Boulogne, near Paris. The late king, Louis Philippe, was a great admirer of his talent, and bought many of his works.

M. HAVAS, the news-agent (better known among journalists as the *Agence Havas*) has lately died in Paris. A contemporary, commenting upon the occupation of M. Havas, says:—"He occupied a position the like of which is unknown on the English newspaper press—he supplied foreign news and foreign telegraphic dispatches to all the Paris, and most of the French provincial papers,—the same news and the same dispatches serving for all. Receiving a subvention from the government, he took care to modify as far as possible the daily foreign news, so as to suit its policy; and the consequence was that the

French press and the French public never have had other than a most imperfect idea of the real state of things in foreign countries."

HENRY WILLIAM, known in America by the nom de plume of "Frank Forester," died by his own hand, when under a temporary fit of derangement, at New York, on the 16th ult. He was the elder son of the late Hon. and Very Rev. Dr. Herbert, Dean of Manchester, and cousin of the Earl of Carnarvon. He was born in 1807, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. Settling in the United States, he became a large contributor to the Transatlantic magazines and reviews, and was for some time editor of the *American Monthly Magazine*. He was also the author of several historical novels which had a great run in their day—such as "The Brothers," "A Tale of the Fronde," "Oliver Cromwell," "The Roman Traitor," and "Marmaduke Wyvill,"—and of an innumerable host of translations, sketches, and other miscellaneous contributions to the pages of the serials of the day. He also gave to the world a poetical translation of the Agamemnon and Prometheus of Æschylus. He is best known, however, as the author of "Fish and Fishing in North America," and "Field Sports of North America," both of which appeared under the assumed name of "Frank Forester," and have commanded a large sale both here and across the Atlantic.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Ainsworth's (W. H.) *Mervyn Clitherow*, illustrated, 8vo. 14s. cl.
Armstrong's Introduction to English Etymology, cr. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Boyd's (W.) *Notes on the 17th Century*, illustrated, 8vo. 2s. cl.
Brenkridge's (R. L.) *The Knowledge of God*, 8vo. 14s. cl.
Brown's (W.) *The North-West Passage, and the Plans for the Search of Sir John Franklin*, a Review, 8vo. 15s. cl.
Cobbold's (Rev. R.) *Canonic of Life*, 8vo. 3s. cl.
Confessions (The) of a Catholic Priest, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Cunningham's (Rev. Dr.) *God in History*, 10th enlarged, ed. fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Curling's (Capt.) *Frank Bessford*, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.
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Library of Old Authors. *The History of King Arthur*, edit. by Wright, 3 vols. fcp. 8vo. 15s. cl.
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